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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

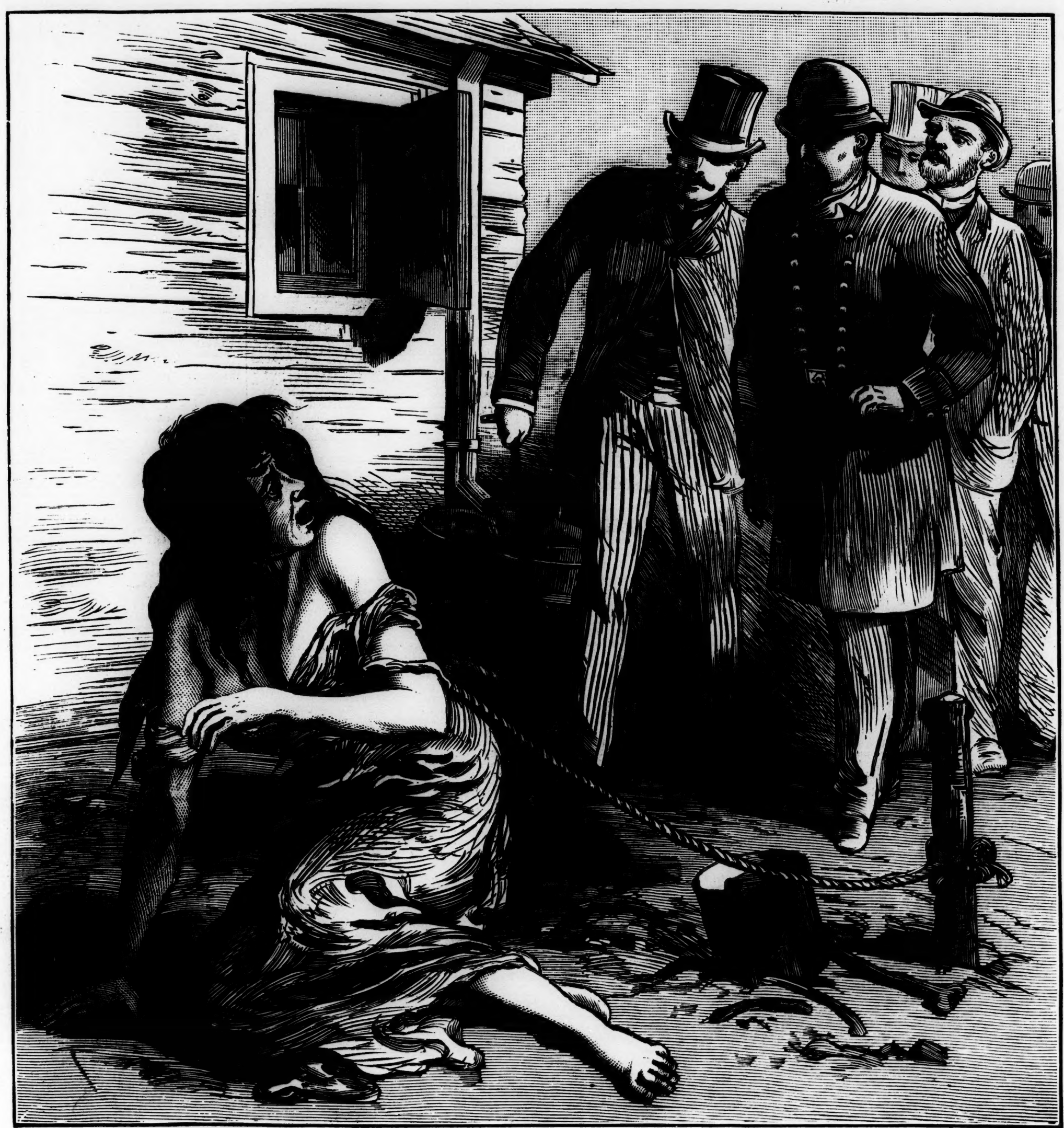
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE MOANING OF THE TIED.

WHICH IS WHAT ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THE AUTHORITIES OF UNION HILL, NEW JERSEY, TO THE CASE OF ADELINE BOEGLER.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1887.

## CAUTION!

A bold fraud, who signs himself "Slater" and who is collecting subscriptions to this paper in the South and West, is a knave and thief, and should be at once handed over to the authorities.

RICHARD K. FOX.

### A BUSTED COMBINATION.

Mr. Patrick Seedy, the benevolent Christian who is losing money in his efforts to restrain John L. Sullivan from being a "common low-lived prize-fighter," and who is sick of pugilism because there are so many "saloon-keepers and bums" in the business that a respectable, law-abiding faro-banker has no show whatever, seems to be losing his grip on the newspapers at an appalling rate. Last week we showed how two of his satellites on the New York press had weakened on him, and we made bold to guess that the shrinkage of "boodle" had something to do with their conversion. This week one of the twain justly observes that while Mr. Seedy is a very good man to announce that he doesn't regard John L. Sullivan as a "gentleman," but will try hard to make him one, "the American public doesn't feel the least interest in Sullivan as a gentleman." He is either a pugilist or he is nothing. Mr. Seedy, who seems to hold some sort of mortgage on him, says he isn't a pugilist. So, after all, when we say that Sullivan is no longer the American champion, and Mr. Seedy says he is no longer a prize fighter, there is really very little difference between our two opinions.

Another of Mr. Seedy's henchmen rounds on him in this fashion:

The ratification of the Smith-Kilrain \$10,000 fight has been the all-absorbing topic of conversation, and thus early people have taken sides on the question. The followers of Sullivan have been trying to throw cold water on the project, but they have been totally unsuccessful in their endeavors, and it is gradually dawning upon the American public that Sullivan is not so anxious to fight as his backers and friends believe. Instead of doing all he can to bring back his lost prestige Sullivan is fast descending to that level which has marked the ending of so many champions' careers. For the past two weeks he has been on a protracted spree, and more than one quarrel has taken place between Sullivan and his manager, Pat Seedy. The latter is disheartened at the way in which his protégé is acting, and it is said that Seedy has serious intentions of locating in San Francisco where he will open a club room.

The presentation belt which Seedy and a few others have gotten up will be handed over this week at an entertainment in Boston, and when this ceremony is finished something will be known of the champion's intentions for the future. If Seedy elects to remain with Sullivan then preparations will be made for their European trip, but if a split takes place between master and man, then the transatlantic journey is liable to be postponed indefinitely.

"Master and man" is what this gentleman calls Seedy and Sullivan, meaning, of course, that Sullivan is the "man" and Mr. Seedy is the "master." In other words, according to one of Mr. Seedy's most faithful friends, Sullivan, in ceasing to be a pugilist, became the "man" of a "master" who used to own a faro bank, but thinks that prize fighting is disreputable, and prize fighters rank blackguards as low down as thieves and pickpockets.

If Mr. Seedy will take our advice—and we extend it to him in the friendliest spirit—he will quit monkeying with the buzz saw. As the manager of a "club room" in San Francisco he will, no doubt, retrieve some of the money he hasn't lost—particularly as we believe he has a blind philanthropist there who is ready to see him through everything. But when he attempts to convert American pugilism into a catchpenny show, in which all the dollars and dimes are to drift his way, he is altogether wasting his energies. True that his failure has been a costly one—to Sullivan, who may safely charge his ignominious collapse to the misguided machinations of his "master." But what is the ruin of one man to a financier of the Seedy stripe? One season in San Francisco will carpet the "clubroom" with fresh victims.

Go west, Brother Seedy, and give your wheel of fortune another flip, and take our best wishes with you!

## STAGE SKIMMINGS.

A THEATRICAL MANAGER said last night: "I am convinced that the day of war prices for amusements is over. The man who will give the public the best seat in the house for a dollar is going to make the money in the future. A dollar and a half for a ticket is entirely too much to ask for all performances—good or bad. The theatres can well afford to come down, for really, under the present pernicious system of benefits, the manager receives only half prices."

THE Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution is a paper which loves nothing better than to pitch into the "wicked" and "lewd" weeklies. And it is edited by a real Gawdia Majaw. Here is his decent and gentlemanly reference to Mrs. Langtry: "If Mrs. Langtry is wise, she will appear before Justice Field of California in her favorite character of Rosalind. And we suggest that she have her kilt cut high."

THIS IS THE SEASON when the dramatic agencies are full to overflowing with "chumps" and "jays" who want to go on the stage and strut a brief three-quarters of an hour at any price—even for no price at all. I was



was in Brother Spies' office the other day, when a maiden who, it was plain to discern by more senses than one, was nominally connected with a laundry, applied for a "situation" as a "play actress."

A little clever questioning elicited the fact that she was fresh from the linen room of the Windsor Hotel, but had made up her mind to embrace the Thespian art. Spies booked her at once for Kralffy's show, the "Siege of Troy." I shouldn't be surprised, as things go, to see her play Helen—the Siege.

E. H. SOTHERN is a chip off the old block. To get \$20,000 worth of newspaper advertising by expending \$200 for sending a District Messenger boy to London is worthy of his lamented father. All the daily papers have been sold—to "The Highest Bidder."

ANNIE OAKLEY, the champion shot of Buffalo Bill's show, has made a sensation in Rotten Row by her cool, comfortable and handsome riding costume. A lady writes to the Society Times to urge English women to adopt this improved habit, and says that Miss Oakley rides as well as she shoots.

THE HEALTH of the well-known Irish comedian, Tony Hart, has lately become so deplorable that his friends have deemed it advisable to place him under special medical supervision, and he was last week removed to Bloomingdale Asylum. His malady is identical in type with that which the late John McCullough and poor Bartley Campbell were afflicted, and there are slight grounds for hope of Mr. Hart's recovery.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN are said to be preparing an opera on an American subject with special reference to the Wild West craze which Buffalo Bill has made in fashionable England. Cowboys, scouts and good and bad Indians will figure in it extensively. It is thought that the early training of the Indians in learning the artistic war whoop will aid them materially in getting opera music down to a fine point. The new opera ought to prove a fine success.

THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION was well represented at the London American Exchange Fourth of July dinner by Messrs. Henry Abbey, Edward Gilmore, Tony Pastor, Nat Goodwin, James Powers, Marshall Wilder, Marcus Meyer, Harry Mann, Ike Reade, J. H. Barnes, W. F. Cody, J. M. Burke, W. W. Kelly, J. L. Petzale, C. F. Spencer, Misses Grace Hawthorne, Louisa Elridge, Ellen Terry, Emily Rigg, Florence Girard, Alice Chandos, Anna Conover, Lizzie Fletcher, Belle Cole and Mrs. James Brown Potter. The principal "stars" of the American and European stages, dramatic and lyric, help the *clat* of one of the most enjoyable receptions given in London by an American citizen.

"IT'S RATHER A STRANGE THING," said Col. Tom Maguire, "the Napoleon of managers," as they used to call him on the Pacific coast, "how many men in the theatrical profession are the creatures of accident. Now there's Joe Murphy. About fourteen years ago I was paying him \$2.50 a night as bones in my minstrel company and to-day he is worth \$300,000 if he is worth a cent. When he announced his intention to play in white we all laughed at him, but he got there all the same. Then look at James O'Neill. If it was not for the luck that gave him possession of Monte Cristo he would be still only a capable leading man in some stock company or combination. In the old days an actor or a manager was supposed to have been brought up in the profession, now it is altogether different. Outside of Mr. Wallack there is not a manager in New York who was born or brought up to the dramatic profession. Mr. Abbey was a jeweler, Stetson was a professional runner, Gilmore was a lawyer, Miles was a circus rider, Palmer was a merchant, Frohman a clerk in the business office of a newspaper and Duff was in the restaurant business."

IMITATION IS PROBABLY the sincerest form of flattery, and therefore the distinguished British amateur players who some two years ago gave an out-of-doors performance of "As You Like It" at Sir Percy Shelley's pretty country place, will no doubt be pleased to learn that their example is to be followed next month at Dame Agnes Booth-Schoeffel's comfortable inn at Manchester-by-the-Sea, known as the Masechmo House. The cast, however, in this instance will be distinctly professional. The buxom dame herself is modestly content to appear as *Andrey*, while the parts of the two high born ladies will be assumed by Rose Coghlan and Minnie Conway. The husband of the latter, Osmond Tearle, will be the *Orlando*, while the part of the melancholy *Jacquess* is to be sustained by Louis James. Squeaky Stuart Robson is to be the *Touchstone*, and Billy Crane, his partner, who is a far better actor, will be content with the comparatively unimportant role of the country bumpkin, *William*. John Schoeffel will fill the exacting part of *Sir Thopaz*, the curate who is not seen in the play, but is heard of a good deal. The chances are not in favor of a very excellent performance of the comedy, but that everybody will enjoy themselves may be counted on as certain.

I AM TOLD THAT MR. HAMILTON's new play of English

society which he wrote for the Wallack company of last year will be one of the opening plays of the Abbey season. For some time there was a doubt about this, as Mr. Abbey insisted he should be the best judge of what he should do, despite Hamilton's compact with Wallack. Hamilton is a bright, witty fellow, and he will be glad to learn that Miss Helen Russell, with whom he kept up a running quarrel last season, is not to be in the company. Miss Russell seems to be a nice little woman, but she was indiscreet in the manner she handled Mr. Hamilton. One night behind the scenes Mr. Hamilton happened to say, "I hope the curtain will go down early to-night, because I am going to meet some fellows after the play." "Fellows," exclaimed Miss Russell; "in America we call our male acquaintances gentlemen." "In England they are," said Mr. Hamilton. Another night Miss Russell started in to chaff Mr. Hamilton, and told him that she had some friends in front the evening before and they all remarked what a very pretty man Mr. Hamilton was. "What a singular coincidence," said Mr. Hamilton. "I had some friends in front, too, last night, but they failed to make that remark about you."

FEW MEN are more often spoken of in theatrical circles than Keene, the tragedian, whose career was brought to an abrupt stop about two years ago by the entire loss of his voice. It was an awful blow, coming at the very height of fame and fortune. Most men would have been floored by it. Keene wasn't. He is made of different stuff. After a short period of amazement and stupefaction, during which he contemplated the baffled and eerie effect of playing tragedy without speaking, Keene went after his voice. The vocal cords were coaxed and tutored and the general health of the actor carefully looked after. This season he started out on a preliminary tour under the guidance of Mr. Ariel N. Barney, the cleverest of the younger managers of the profession, and the results are extraordinary. All the tragedians' powers have now fully returned, and his extensive study during the two years of forced vacation has resulted in refining his methods and giving a polish to his work which it had formerly lacked. The courage of the man in the face of the most dismal predictions on the part of the doctors and the gloomy forebodings of his friends was splendid. Keene is as popular as Booth or Barrett throughout the country, where his name is a household word, but in New York the public has not yet had a chance to become thoroughly acquainted with him. It is on the cards, I believe, to play Keene in New York for a term this season, surrounded by the best actors in town. It would create a good deal of talk, for the supporters of Keene speak with unmitigated contempt of Barrett when that gentleman is compared with the plucky actor who has just begun stage life anew.

THE OPERA destined to succeed "Erminie" at the Casino has been written and accepted. It will be produced in January next, or else the Casino must forfeit \$2,000. The opera is the work of Sydney Rosenfeld and the property of Comedian Francis Wilson. The latter is an admirable business man as well as a capable actor. He bought the opera outright from Rosenfeld on his own judgment, paying down a large sum in cash, and then made his dicker with the Casino. If it is a success it will make Wilson's earnings very large. He receives a salary of \$400 a week, and this, with his royalty from the opera, ought to give him an income of forty thousand odd a year. The new piece bears the rather extraordinary name of "The Oolah." It has to do with the marriage laws of India. The government, according to Mr. Rosenfeld, hit upon a happy scheme for annihilating all marital unhappiness. Wherever there was a row in the family, the wife was instantly granted a divorce for the asking. The plan worked well for awhile, but then it was found that the wives often wanted to remarry their former husbands. This hurt the feelings of the government, and it demurred. Finally it hit upon a happy device and allowed the divorced people to remarry again to some other man for the term of one year. It occurred to an enterprising citizen to put himself up in open market for the post of middleman and allow himself to be married nominally to all divorced women, that they might subsequently regain their former husbands. He was called "The Oolah." This is the part that Francis Wilson takes. The trials, tribulations and perplexities of a man who acts in the capacity of husband for all the divorced women in India may be imagined.

THE PEOPLE OF ST. PAUL somehow have never recognized the great histrionic genius said to slumber in the mind of George Miln, the man who abandoned the pulpit to mouth the writings of Shakespeare in the glare of footlights.

It was early fall when Miln visited the city, and during his three days' engagement here he arose early in the morning and took a walk out into the country, where he would rehearse for an hour or two in the crisp morning air. He played two nights to very light houses, and those who were present were near inclined to hiss than to applaud. The third morning Miln arose as usual and went out into the rural districts, where he prowled and talked wildly, much to the surprise and possible amusement of several cows that fed in the pasture, which formed a stage and auditorium alike. Tired at last with reciting he turned his steps toward the city, and to make his trip quicker and easier he took to the ties of the Minnesota & Northwestern railroad. He came down the line with his stately stride and solemn face, when a flock of geese that were feeding by the roadside stretched out their necks and, hissing viciously, ran at the actor, threatening to peck the flesh off his legs. Startled by their ominous hisses, Miln straightened himself up, threw out his chest and, waving his hand imperiously, said: "Avaunt, thou offspring of St. Paul parents. I'm not acting now; I'm only walking."



WOODEN SPOON.

## OUR PICTURES.

### She Had Him Dead To Rights.

A burglar attempted to enter the house of the widow Davis near Cairo, Ill., a few nights ago. The window sash fell down on him when he was half way in, and the widow walloped him over the head with the press board until he hung limp and insensible, and then called for help.

### Chloroformed and Robbed a Young Widow.

Chicago detectives, on July 24, arrested Frederick K. Dorne, a native Chicagoan. He is now only 18 years of age. Last year he found employment in Saratoga as one of the attendants who drew water from the Congress Spring. This spring, the police say, a young widow sojourning at Saratoga took a great fancy to Dorne, and the couple spent much time together. On June 23, while they were walking in a secluded spot, Dorne chloroformed the lady, robbed her of jewelry and cash aggregating \$1,000, and fled. He was traced to Chicago after considerable wandering.

### Too Hot to Carry the Remains.

A special from Louisville, Ky., July 19, says: Nine days ago Aleck Shorts, a convict at the Frankfort Penitentiary, died and was buried in the prison cemetery. Shorts' father resides here, but was not notified of his son's death until last Friday morning. He employed Terry Ridge and Frank Kean to go to Frankfort and bring the remains to this city. Upon reaching Frankfort they dug up the body, but the railroad agent positively refused to ship the corpse on the train because the stench was very offensive. They then hired a horse and wagon and started for this city. They traveled all night and yesterday until 2 o'clock. When they reached Col. Bullitt's farm, fifteen miles above here, the heat was intense and the horse succumbed to its effects. The two men were by this time thoroughly disgusted. Digging a deep hole by the side of a small creek they buried Shorts' body and walked to this city.

### Handcuffed to His Sweetheart.

The other night, at Athens, Ga., a young professional, whom we call Dr. Hancock, called upon Miss Amanda Spriggins (which is not the lady's real name). There were in the parlor a pair of handcuffs. Dr. Hancock jestingly proposed that they suffer themselves to have their wrists linked together, to which proposition Miss Spriggins readily consented. The handcuffs were spring locks, and soon had the couple firmly bound together. After a while they became weary of this bondage, but discovered to their consternation that the handcuffs could not be loosened. It was then discovered that the key was in possession of a young man who had gone on a visit to Oconee county, and was not expected home until next day. The young couple decided to make the best of their situation, and spend the night sitting up. Fortunately, however, just as the clock struck twelve, the possessor of the key chanced to return, and the handcuffs were removed.

### Tried to Shoot Her Husband.

Our correspondent at Long Branch writes July 23: Ocean avenue, while thronged with vehicles at the driving hour this evening, was the scene of an attempted murder. Harry Nash, a stage driver, was driving along the avenue with his wife in the vehicle. Mrs. Nash is very jealous and they quarrelled. Fred Budde, a shoemaker, was sitting on the seat with the driver, when unexpectedly Mrs. Nash drew a revolver from her bosom and fired at her husband. The shot missed him and ploughed a slight wound in Budde's neck. Just as the woman fired again her husband knocked the pistol from her hand, and the bullet went wide of its mark.

Mrs. Nash attempted to escape from the stage, which at the time was in front of the Mansion House, but her husband prevented her from doing so. Policeman Layton arrested her as she was attempting to climb through a window of the stage. The shooting almost caused a panic on the avenue. A great number of carriages halted while their occupants ascertained the cause of the excitement.

Last night Mrs. Nash assaulted her husband and stabbed him across the hand, and Police Justice Campbell committed her for trial.

### \$15,000 FOR ONE DOLLAR.

A Lucky New Yorker who Invested in a Ticket and Gained Thousands in Cold Cash.

Mr. Darius R. Burr, of 179 Forsyth street, is a happy combination of both the lucky and mentally well-balanced. On the 12th of this month he won \$15,000 in the regular monthly drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and on Saturday last the Adams Express Company, which collected it at New Orleans, gave him the full amount. Mr. Burr took the whole thing as a matter of course, and didn't so much as take a day off in honor of the event, but stuck to his post as assistant superintendent of agents of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 32 Park Place, just as he had done for years past.

A Daily News reporter had an interview with Mr. Burr Saturday evening at his home in Forsyth street. He is a good-looking young gentleman of about 25 and was making his toilet preparatory to calling on a young lady, when the reporter met him. After being congratulated on his good luck he said:

"Yes, that's what I suppose you might call it. I've been keeping the secret of my happy hit to myself ever since I saw in the News of the 13th inst. that ticket No. 11,007 had won the capital prize of \$150,000. I held one-tenth of the ticket, so that my \$1 investment yielded me just \$15,000. When I got my money to-day I had to ease my mind by telling my folks of my good fortune."

"The way I happened on the lucky ticket was rather peculiar. I had been buying one every month right along for about two years past but never won more than \$10 before. I nearly forgot all about it this month, but the 11th, the day before the drawing, I met a friend who told me that he had several more tickets than he wanted, and asked me to buy one. I handed him out a dollar and got that little chunk of good luck in exchange."

"By the way, I came near losing it on Friday. It was in my vest pocket, and I got wet through the previous night and decided to send the suit I wore to be pressed. I had them all done up to send to the tailor when it suddenly struck me that the ticket was in my vest pocket. You can bet that I got it out in short order."

Mr. Burr says that he has not yet decided as to how he will invest his money, but is determined to hold on to his present position just as if no windfall had come his way.—New York Daily News, July 23.



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity  
and Woman's Worse  
Than Weakness.



Mrs. John A. Witter.

Last week we published the portrait of John A. Witter, whose sudden death, caused by poisoning, created such a sensation at Denver, Col. Above we print the picture of Mrs. Witter, who has been charged with playing a leading part in the strange death of her husband.

### KILLED A LAWYER ON HIS DOORSTEP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Lebanon, Tenn., July 26, says: J. T. Lane, a lawyer, and one of the most prominent citizens of this town, was shot and instantly killed by N. B. Lester this morning. Lane's office was on East Main street, about a block from the public square. He had risen this morning and, as was his custom in the morning, was sitting outside his office door, when Lester came out three doors above with a shotgun. He advanced to within about six steps of Lane and shot him, the charge taking effect in Lane's left side. When he received the charge Lane fell from his chair and said: "Don't shoot again." Lester stepped up close to Lane, saying, "— you! I'll kill you!" and emptied the second barrel of the gun, aiming directly at his left side, killing him instantly. The shooting was witnessed by several men.

### PASSENGERS CAMPING OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The 10:25 train on the Brooklyn, Bath and West End Railroad ran off the track the other night between the city line and Bath Beach Junction, and left a couple of hundred people to camp out in the fields or walk several miles back to Brooklyn.

All the passengers got out and tried to bolster the car back on the track. The fences were despoiled of rails, and loose ties were used for fulcrums. The rails were not strong enough to lift the car. Then fish plates were taken off and inclined planes were made, up which the engineer attempted to run the train. That did no good, except to smash the fish plates. In the mean time the seats of the cars had been converted into beds. The young men and their girls did not want to sleep, and held each other on the fences that were not torn down, and watched the moon.

### THE FIREMEN RATHER ENJOYED IT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Los Angeles, Cal., July 25, says: Yesterday morning about 3 o'clock fire was discovered in a gambling den in Chinatown. The fire companies which were ordered out soon appeared, but the slow actions of the firemen in getting water on the flames seemed to indicate that they were not over-anxious to save the buildings. The fire continued spreading until it had consumed twenty-five buildings, which a short time before had housed one thousand Chinamen. Intelligent Chinamen place the loss at from \$100,000 to \$175,000, but outsiders estimate the loss at less. There was but little insurance on the buildings. Only a few days before the fire agents of insurance companies in San Francisco came down here and cancelled the insurance policies, saying that with the existing feeling against the Chinese the risk was too great to continue the policies. The origin of the fire is unknown.

### GAVE HERSELF AWAY.

Mary Fowler, Who Tried to Hide Her Identity in  
Male Attire, Recognized.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Oxford, Ohio, July 20, says: Mary Fowler, the domestic working in the family of Dr. Beeks, whose disappearance while masquerading as a boy was reported Monday, was found last night near Harrison. Since the girl disappeared Friday night Harry Gath and Ed Beeks have been driving about the country for her. Word was received that a strange-looking boy had applied at the residence of Luke Bradley, near Millville, Saturday morning for work. The boy was given his breakfast, supplied with a hat and sent on his way, as his services were not needed. Following this clue, the supposed boy was traced to Harrison. Near here he had stopped at a house and wanted to do work for his board.

The boy said that he had never done outdoor work, but that he could do housework and cooking. He said his mother had been sick for a long time, and he had in that manner learned to do housework. He was told that if he made himself useful about the house he might stay. The boy did his work well, and got up a good dinner. He was working about the house at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when Gath and Beeks drove up and immediately recognized in the supposed boy the person of Mary Fowler. It is said that one of the

young men pulled a revolver and ordered the "boy" to surrender. He did. The woman for whom Mary was working was greatly surprised, but had no suspicion of the sex of her domestic.

The girl said she took this course to escape being sent back to the reformatory. She had been sent to the residence of Dr. Beeks here by the matron of the Indianapolis reformatory, who is a sister of Mrs. Beeks; but her work was unsatisfactory, and she had been frequently threatened with being returned. She was brought to Oxford last night, and young Beeks took her to Indianapolis on the late train. Inasmuch as the girl was outside the jurisdiction of the State of Indiana, it was thought by some that she could not be returned. But the girl not being aware of her rights in the premises, accompanied her attendant, although unwillingly.

### APPALLING ATROCITY.

An Oil City, Pa., Man Kills His Wife and Son, Shoots  
an Officer and is Killed in Turn.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Oil City, Pa., July 23, says: About 11 o'clock on Tuesday night, John McNeerney, aged sixty-two, employed in the round house of B. N. Y. & P. railroad and living in a small dwelling on Shamrock street, got up from the steps at a gate in front of his house and went into the house for a gun. His wife at the moment was handing a little grandchild to her daughter to take upstairs to bed. McNeerney stole behind the poor woman, shot her through the back of the head, blowing out her brains, and then clubbed her with the butt of the gun. Mrs. McNeerney never knew what killed her, falling dead instantly. Her body struck against a door leading upstairs, closing it on her daughter and granddaughter, thus probably saving their lives. The noise of the shooting brought out young John, who had arrived in the afternoon from Ohio, his first visit home for six years, and missed the evening train back.

The young man wrested the gun from his father, when the latter drew a large revolver. The son ran out and down the street, the old man following and firing. One bullet struck John near the base of the skull, passing almost through his head, and he tumbled in the middle of the street. A brother-in-law, who lived across the way, heard the shots and ran out. McNeerney fired twice at him, forcing him to retreat. The shots and the screams of the daughter, who was upstairs in the house, by this time attracted the neighbors. The old man had got inside the fence and crouched down in the darkness beside the wash house. Three policemen started for the house. As the first crossed the gate McNeerney fired, missing him. The second shot struck Officer James in the groin, inflicting a frightful wound, which may result fatally. The third officer at this instant fired, hitting McNeerney in the back. The injured officer was taken home, where he is lying in a precarious state, and McNeerney was dragged to the lock-up, amid threats of violence.

Mrs. McNeerney was found lying in a pool of blood, with her brains spattered over the floor and wall. Young McNeerney was carried into his sister's but never recovered consciousness and died at noon on Wednesday. The murderer was not supposed to be dangerously hurt, as he asked continually for beer and lay on a bench in the lock-up. At one o'clock he was seen to be sinking and died an hour later. The three funerals took place on Thursday. An inquest was held, without finding what motive might have prompted the terrible deed. McNeerney was a sullen, passionate man, who led his wife a shocking life and had been a hard drinker for years. Mrs. McNeerney, whom kindly hands prepared tenderly for the tomb, bore her fate uncomplainingly, trying always to make home pleasant for her husband and family. The murdered son was a steady, industrious youth, and had saved \$5,000. Two daughters and one son are left to mourn in anguish unutterable the dreadful fate of their parents and brother. This is the most appalling crime ever perpetrated in the oil regions.

### AN INSANE GIRL'S PRISON.

Tied to a Stake in the Back Yard of a House in  
Union Hill.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Union Hill, N. J., July 23, says: Nine months ago Herman Boegler arrived in this country from Germany, accompanied by his wife and children, one a daughter named Adeline, aged nineteen, who is insane. He built a home on Liberty street, Union Hill, where he went to live shortly after his arrival.

Mrs. Holtz, who keeps a saloon on Bergenline avenue, entered Recorder Schleicher's court in the Town Hall yesterday morning and told him that Boegler was keeping his daughter locked up in a dark room, and when he let her out in the yard for air he tied one end of a rope around her waist and the other end to a stake driven into the ground.

The Recorder hardly believed her story, but nevertheless notified County Health Inspector Saltonstall. He and Officers Feeney and Smith went out and investigated. They were accompanied by several reporters and citizens. Upon arriving at the house they found in the back yard a young girl tied to a stake which was firmly driven into the ground.

She presented a most woe-begone appearance. Her body was emaciated and her long hair floated over her back in wild profusion, giving her a most deplorable look. The rope was about ten feet long. Where it was tied around her waist her dress was almost in tatters and the cord had worn almost into the flesh. After liberating the girl Dr. Saltonstall assisted her into the house. Recorder Schleicher, who was one of the party, asked Boegler if it was true that he had kept the girl locked in a cell. He admitted that he kept her in a room and locked the door. The room, on the top floor, is a small, cell-like place. There are no windows to admit light or air, and the atmosphere is sickening. The apartment is about eight feet by six, and in one corner are a handful of straw and a dirty husk pillow, which serve as a bed for the unfortunate creature.

The girl is unable to talk, and can only make sounds like the purring of a cat. When spoken to by her father she obeys like a faithful animal, but when addressed by the Recorder she only stared at him in a vacant way and grinned like an idiot.

### BOLD VILLAINS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special dispatch from Tipton, Ind., July 29, says: A few nights ago, some miscreant entered the sleeping apartments of two young daughters of Thomas Martry, the eldest of whom is not yet fourteen, and stepping over the form of the younger one, grasped the eldest in his arms and attempted to escape with her through the window by which he had entered. The window, which opens on the roof of a summer

kitchen, sloping almost to the ground, is a small one, and the effort of the scoundrel to drag the form of the sleeping girl through it awakened her, and her screams speedily aroused the household, but it was only when capture was imminent, and the attacks of a ten-year-old brother, who had crawled through the window to his sister's assistance, diverted the rogue's attention, that he abandoned his purpose and, leaping from the roof, escaped in the darkness.

The same night an attempt was made to enter the sleeping apartment of two young ladies visiting at the home of D. C. Jones, of this city, but they alarmed the family and caused the marauder to beat a hasty retreat. Some parties here are suspected of these outrages, and it is probable some sensational arrests will soon be made. These facts have been suppressed for a few days to enable the officers to work the clue they have in their possession unembarrassed by popular excitement, which is running very high.

### A HIDEOUS SCENE.

Which Occurred at a Big Fire in Archer Avenue,  
Chicago.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Our correspondent at Chicago, July 29, writes: Early this morning fire was discovered in the bakery of Chris Heffen, at 5165 Archer avenue, a three-story and basement brick tenement. For a time the fire smoldered and nothing serious was thought of it. Shortly after 3 o'clock it was discovered that a number of people living in the building were either dead or dying from the effects of smoke and flames. The firemen and police hurried into the building, and soon began bearing out unconscious bodies until eleven people had been removed.

It was supposed for a time that no one remained in the burning building, but somehow, in the confusion incident to the occasion, Mrs. Trugo, wife of one of the tenants, with her two-year-old child Mary, had been overlooked. Finding herself in danger, and being unable to descend the stairway, the woman ran to a front window with her child in her arms and cried for help. A fireman at once responded by rushing up the flaming stairs. By the time he reached them all escape by the stairway with such a burden as the woman and her child was impossible. Then the fireman thought of the bed cord, and, tearing it out, bound the woman and her baby with it, and pushed them through the window. He played out the rope until, from the heat and smoke, he was ready to fall to the floor, and then he fastened the end to the bed post and fled.

Far from accomplishing his gallant purpose, he had but too surely compassed the destruction of those he sought to save. His rope was too short, and, instead of dropping the woman and child to the ground or within reach of those below, he had suspended them in front of a first-floor window, from which the fire poured as from a furnace door. There the woman and her child swung, ten or twelve feet from the ground, writhing, shrieking, struggling as the fire swept off their garments, and choked and actually broiled alive the body in her arms.

It became a necessity, if not to save the woman, to at least remove the horrifying sight. This duty was assumed by Capt. William H. Cowan of Truck No. 8, who chose to chance the fate which he was told by the spectators awaited his efforts. Seizing a ladder he threw it up to the blazing window, and, with an axe, mounted and stood on an upper rung, which was soon in flames. He had deliberately entered the flames, and as they encircled him from helmet to boots, he struck at the rope. He could not see, and struck with inaccurate aim. Once, twice, as the clothing began to fall from him, he struck in vain. At the third stroke the blade cut the rope. Simultaneously the burning ladder broke, and the three blazing human beings fell to the ground. The baby was already dead, the mother died a few hours later, and the Captain lies in his home in what is thought to be his death agonies.

### SORROW AND SELF-DROWNED.

Sensational Suicide of a Well-known Lady at New-  
port, R. I.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Newport, R. I., July 26, says: The Rhode Island family of Hunters are well known everywhere, and they are classed among Rhode Island's substantial residents. A lady of this ilk, Miss Rebecca Hunter, owned two houses on Church street, near the Club House, on aristocratic Bellevue avenue.

The old Hunter house was to give place to a very stylish cottage, which was located in the rear. The new house was about completed, and the old house was to be torn down. Miss Hunter did not like the new house, and for a few days she had grieved over it and had expressed herself as being very much dissatisfied with it.

Miss Hunter cried considerably this morning, and would not be consoled. The contractor offered to do all in his power to remedy the real or imaginary defects, but the lady would not be comforted.

Later in the forenoon she went to ride and her friends were pleased, as they thought the ride would do her good. She rode down Bellevue avenue, passing all the fine equipages, and seemed to take an interest in the ever changing picture. Before she had gone far she told her driver to take her to the Forty Steps, at the foot of Narragansett avenue and the Cliffs. Her orders were obeyed. Upon reaching the desired spot she alighted from her carriage and told the driver to wait for her.

The Forty Steps is a favorite spot for visitors and lead right down to the rocks, which are washed by the ocean, the breakers dashing against them with great fury. The driver waited for the lady some thirty minutes. A gentleman passing discovered a body floating in the ocean, and he told the driver of his discovery.

The driver was stricken with horror and was not long in ascertaining that the lifeless body, which was tenderly placed upon the grassy bank, was that of the lady he had brought to the spot where she had ended her earthly career.

The news of the suicide spread like wildfire and the coroner took charge of the body.

### A DISTINGUISHED GROUP.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Pony Moore, the wonderful American who owns Christy's minstrels, in London, and who is the father-in-law of Charlie Mitchell, gave a grand garden party to our own and only Tony Pastor when the latter was in Europe this summer. Among the guests were three well-known artists, Paul Martinetti, Roberts and Rowley. We print a copy of a photograph in which Pony Moore leans on Tony Pastor's shoulder, flanked by Martinetti, Roberts and Rowley.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who  
Find Pictorial Fame in  
These Columns.



Frank J. Weiler.

Mr. Weiler, whose intelligent face we print above, is the clever but modest editor of the Greenleaf (Kan.) Herald, who has worked his way up in the journalistic world by his energy and ability. He is a gifted poet and brilliant and fearless writer—but, let us add again, very modest.

### Edward Hanlan.

Elsewhere will be found a new picture of the great oarsman.

### Jem Smith.

One more portrait of Jake Kilrain's antagonist will be found on another page.

### T. S. Baldwin.

This wonderful athlete, who thinks nothing of dropping in a parachute from a balloon one mile high, is portrayed in another page.

### Tom Henry, the Pugilist.

In this issue we publish the portrait of Tom Henry, of Bury, England, who was recently matched to fight Johnny Reagan for \$2,000. Henry's record recently appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE.

### David Huffman.

David Huffman was hanged the other day at Nebraska City, Neb., for wrecking a train at Dunbar, which caused the death of the engineer and caused a terrible wreck of the train. His pal in the crime, James Bell, turned State's evidence and escaped with ten years' imprisonment.

### Capt. Peter Conlin.

At the recent civil service contest for the vacant Inspectorship in the New York Police Department Capt. Peter Conlin received the largest percentage in the school of examination, before the board of learned men who gave Capt. Williams second place in the race. The appointment, however, has not as yet been made by the Police Commissioners. It lays between Captains Conlin and Williams, according to the civil service laws.

### J. S. Danford.

J. S. Danford is the notorious bank starter who has made himself very unpopular in Kansas, Washington Territory and Casey, Guthrie county, Iowa, by opening snide banks and working the depositors to the Queen's taste, and then skipping to parts unknown. This clever fake banker is supposed to be enjoying at present the boondoggling air of Canada, where he has been hunted around considerably by some fly Western sheriffs.

### Lee Shellenberger.

The other morning about 3 o'clock a mob, supposed to be farmers, gained admittance to the iron cage in which Shellenberger was confined, at Nebraska City, Neb. Breaking open the cage with the crowbars, they then brought him outside in front of the court house door and hung him to the first tree. Shellenberger and his wife, Marinda, were indicted for the murder of their daughter. He was tried and convicted of murder. His wife escaped punishment.

### Mrs. Joseph N. Sequin.

Poor Mr. Sequin, of Bay City, Mich., is very much broke up at present; according to his own statement his buxom wife has skipped away with another gentleman who pleased her more than her own honest, lawful lord and master. The said Mr. Sequin's only revenge and consolation seems to be the appearance of his unfaithful spouse's phiz in this paper. So, to soothe the forsaken husband, we print on another page the not-very-handsome face of the gay and festive skipper. We hope it will tend to heal his great wound.

### George Maledon.

The United States Court of the Western district of Arkansas has jurisdiction over the entire Indian Territory west of Arkansas, and is classed as the largest criminal court in the world. Since August 15, 1873, there has been fifty-two men hanged by order of this court, all on the same gallows, there being as many as six executed at one time. George B. Maledon, whose picture appears in this issue, has conducted each execution, and is known to every individual who has ever visited this court as "Old George, the hangman." He is a man of extraordinary mind, as so accustomed has he become to his work that he goes about it as unconcerned as if he was eating his dinner, always shaking hands with "the boys," and bidding each good-bye just a moment before pulling the trigger. He is a Bavarian by birth and is 57 years of age.

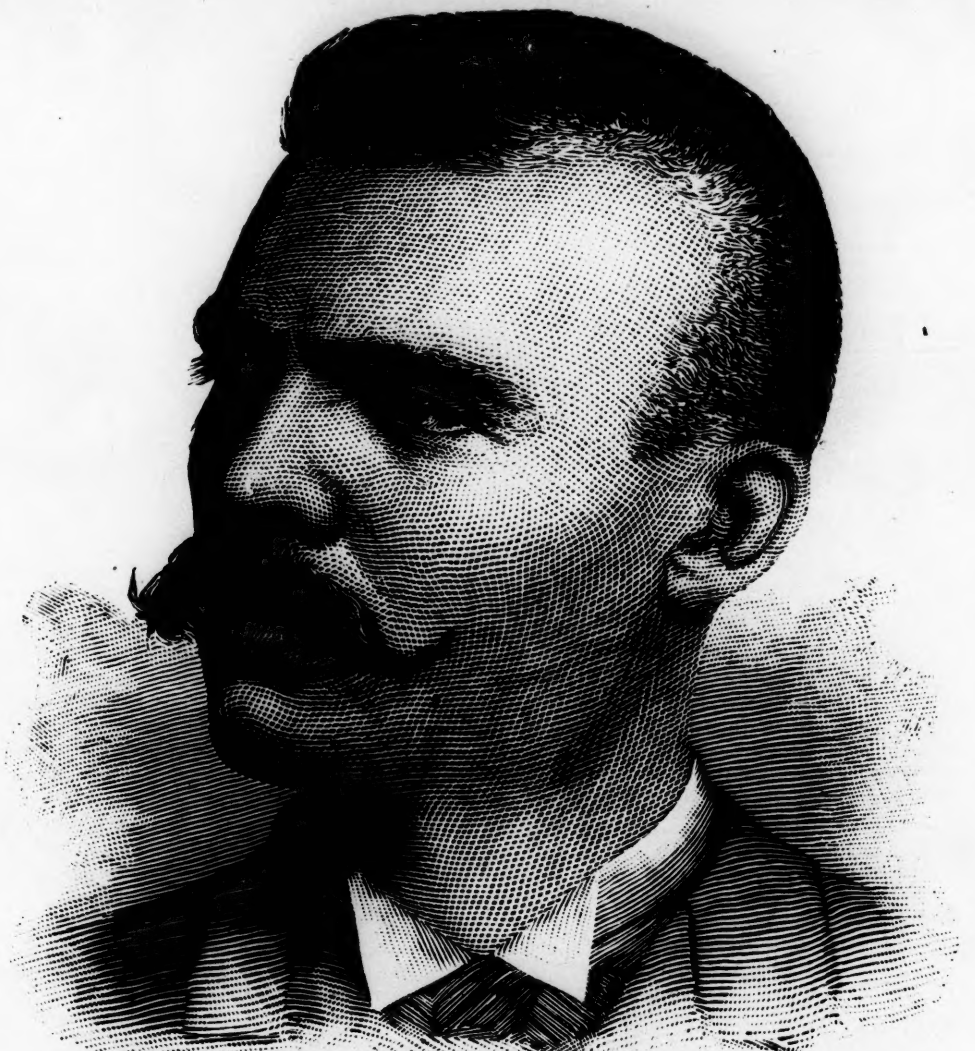




[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by ANDERSON, 185 Broadway, New York.]

C. A. CAPP, A.

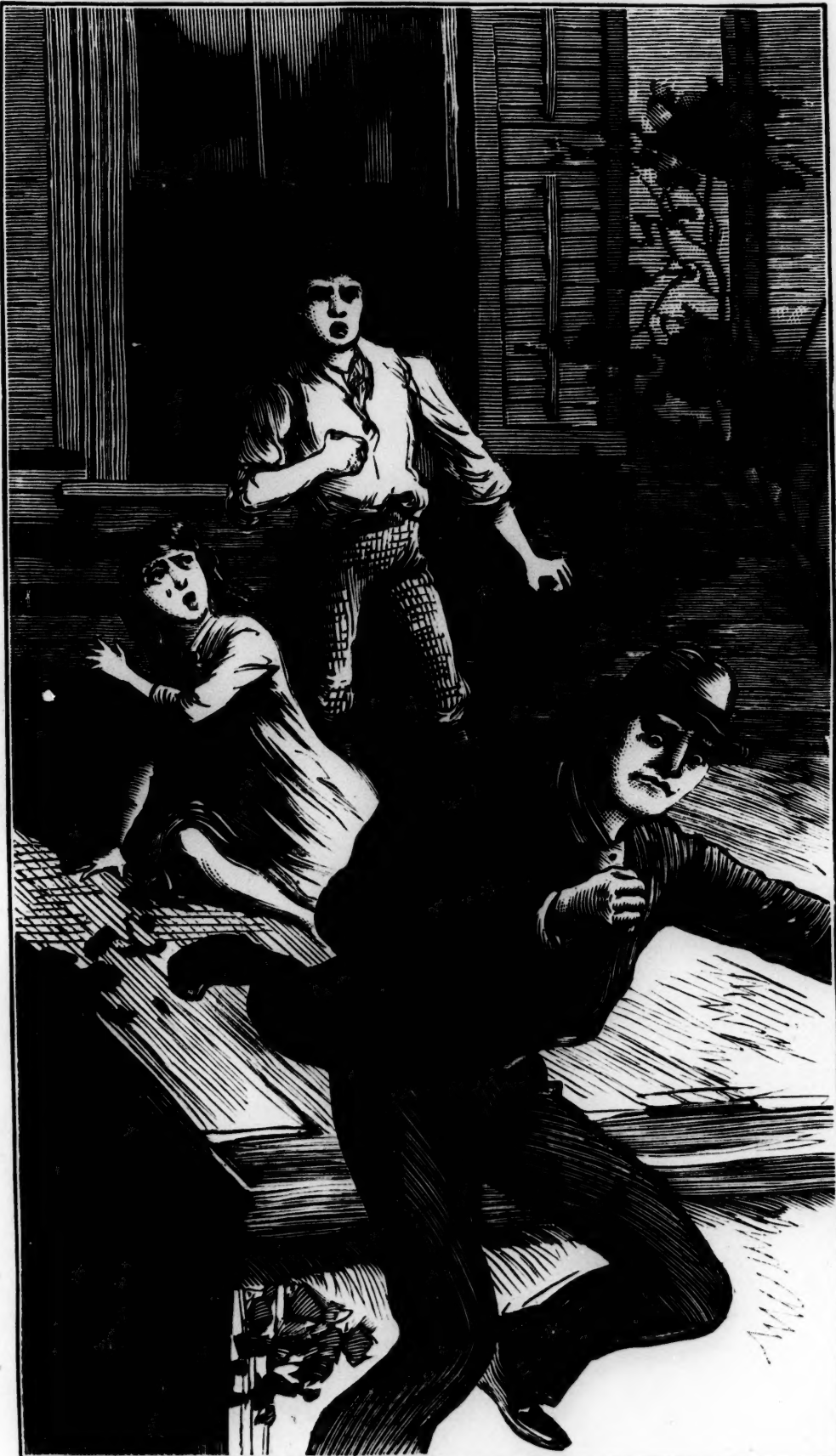
THE WORLD-FAMOUS BANDMASTER OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by BERNARD, Quincy, Ill.]

T. S. BALDWIN,

THE FAMOUS ATHLETE WHO DROPS FROM A MILE-HIGH BALLOON.



BOLD VILLAINS.

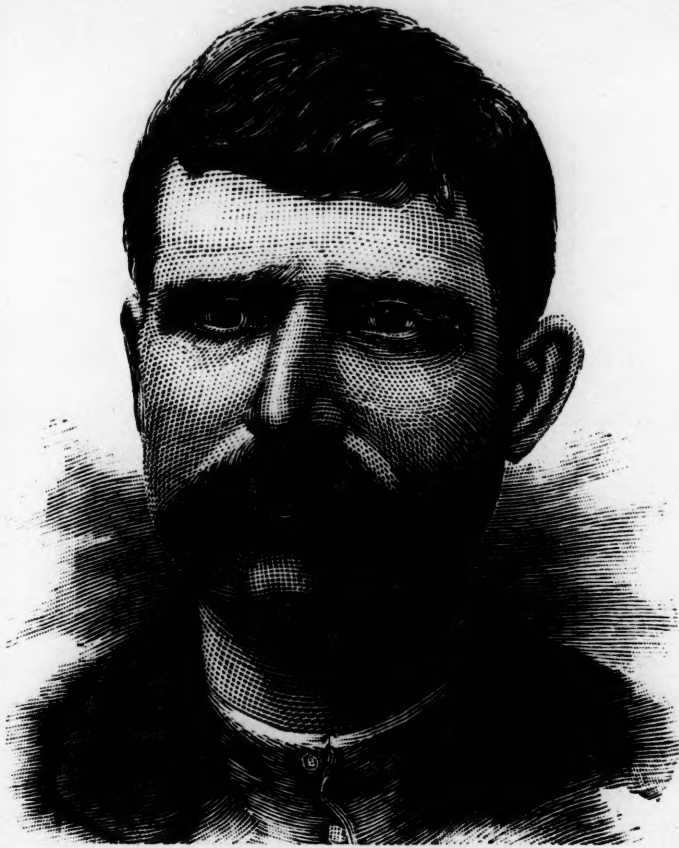
THEY TRY TO ABDUCT TWO BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRLS NAMED MAIRTY AT TIPTON, INDIANA.



SWINGING IN THE FLAMES.

THE AWFUL SCENE WHICH OCCURRED BEFORE A BURNING TENEMENT IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.





DAVID HUFFMAN,

WHO WAS EXECUTED AT NEBRASKA CITY, NEB., FOR WRECKING A MISSOURI PACIFIC PASSENGER TRAIN.



MRS. JOSEPH N. SEQUIN,

CHARGED BY HER HEART-BROKEN HUSBAND WITH SKIPPING OFF WITH ANOTHER MAN, BAY CITY, MICHIGAN.



J. S. DANFORD,

THE NOTORIOUS FAKE BANKER WHO STARTED SO MANY SWINDLE BANKS IN KANSAS, IOWA AND WASHINGTON TERRITORY.



GEORGE MALEDON,

THE BOSS HANGMAN OF ARKANSAS WHO HAS JERKED FIFTY-TWO MEN TO GLODY DURING A FEW YEARS, FORT SMITH, ARK.

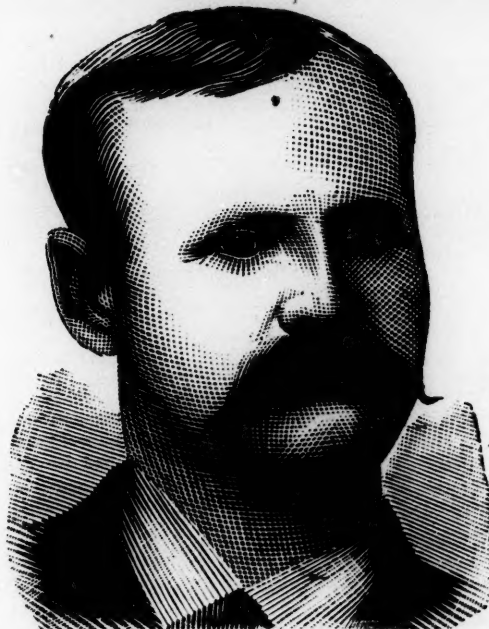
#### REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF A DEAD BODY.

The neighborhood and little village of Comac, near New York, on Long Island, has been considerably excited of late over an instance of remarkable preservation of the human body after death. On a farm near the village there is an old family burying-ground, in which there are only four graves. No one has been buried in it for over fifty years, and until recently the farm remained in the hands of the descendants of the persons there interred. As the farm has recently passed out of the possession of the family, they determined to remove the bodies from the little out-of-the-way plot and re-inter them in the village cemetery. Three of the graves were opened without any unusual discoveries, but the fourth, which was the grave of a young man, aged 28, who had died from an accident while dead drunk, some fifty years ago, was found to be still tenanted by a complete human form. The coffin, like the coffins of the other three bodies, was badly decayed, and when ex-



ON HIS OWN DOORSTEP.

J. T. LANE OF LEBANON, TENN., IS MURDERED BY N. B. LESTER WHO ACCUSES HIM OF RUINING HIS WIFE.



LEE SHELLINGER,

THE HEARTLESS MURDERER OF HIS DAUGHTER, LYNCHED AT NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA.

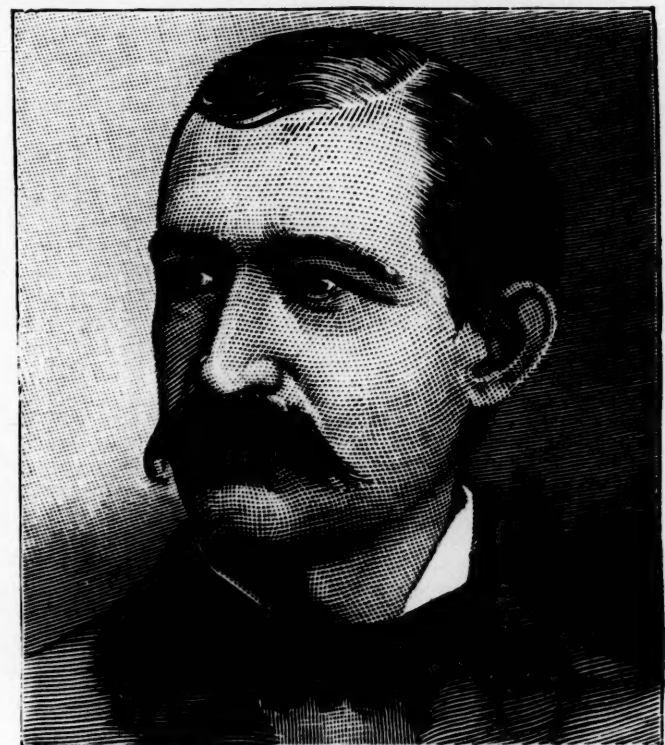
posed to the air and sunlight quickly went to pieces. The clothing on the body, which had been his best Sunday suit apparently, was in much better condition; it held together, doubtless, because there was no decomposing of the body to rot it. The county people immediately thought that the body was petrified, which, of course, it was not, as no human or other flesh ever can become turned to stone, although stone may so take its place as to deceive the unscientific. The following description of the body was given the *Globe-Democrat* correspondent by a physician who happened to be in the neighborhood at the time:

"The body, that of a man, was perfect in every part. The skin was of an ashy, or putty-like color. The eyes, hazel, were so well preserved that their color was quite easily recognized, although the whites of them had turned yellowish in hue, and the aperture of the pupil had become opaque. The eyebrows had grown exceedingly bushy; the beard was 18 inches or more in length, and of a tawny, dirty color. The hair on the head and on different parts of the body, had grown and seemed still to be growing. The finger and toe nails were nearly one inch long. The face still had the bloated expression of a drunken man. On closely examining the body it was found to have been changed to that peculiar substance known scientifically as adipocere (*adeps*, fat; *cera*, wax-like).



SHE TRIED TO SHOOT HER HUSBAND.

MRS. HARRY NASH MAKES A SCENE IN FRONT OF THE MANSION HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, N. J.



CAPT. PETER CONLIN,

WHO TOOK FIRST PLACE AT THE RECENT CIVIL SERVICE CONTEST FOR INSPECTOR OF POLICE OF NEW YORK CITY.



## HOT FROM HELL.

The Murderer, Pranzini, who  
Has Just Been Condemned  
to Death in Paris.

## HIS CONQUESTS.

The Crimes He Committed and the  
Extraordinary Fascinations He  
Possessed.

## AN AMERICAN VICTIM.

A little over a year ago a young and beautiful girl, a resident of Fifth avenue, was taken to Europe by her parents to spend the Christmas holidays.

She had a large fortune in her own right, and the father and mother were both wealthy.

After making the grand tour, as it is called, this little family settled in Paris, in a handsome house on Victor Hugo avenue.

They gave balls and parties, received a great deal of company, visited many houses and were widely known for their refinement, amiability and liberality.

The daughter had many suitors, but denied them all, declaring that love alone should lead her captive to the altar.

She professed a preference for her countrymen when the subjects of husbands and marriage were broached, and had been often heard to say that an American was the peer of any man alive. Peers and peers' sons, dukes and even princes, were said to have sought her hand, but she smiled them all away, and with a pretty shake of the head gave them to understand they would be received on any footing but that of an intended.

The father wondered at it all, for there were certainly names presented for his child's acceptance that he would gladly see united to his own, but he left her



MARIE REGNAULT.

free to choose; he would not hamper her inclination.

The mother, however, with a woman's clever insight and finer sensibilities, saw deeper. She felt, as if by instinct, that the cold and distant beauty had been touched in the heart, and with a fear that unhappiness might ensue from a passion secretly nursed and hidden she made frequent efforts to obtain her daughter's confidence.

The young lady kept her own counsel. She laughed and told her mother there was nothing of the kind, but at times she was thoughtful almost to sadness and was frequently caught so engrossed that a sigh escaped her which betrayed her inward trouble.

One day the truth came out in a sudden and extraordinary manner. Mother and daughter were going through the Passage de l'Opera when a gentleman came out of a glove-shop on the right-hand side and almost in front of them.

He was a tall, slender man about thirty years of age with a soft, black beard and an ease and grace of carriage that would make one involuntarily exclaim: "A prince." He was dressed in the extreme of fashion without being dandified, and when he smiled his face brightened up as if lit up by the whiteness of his teeth.

He lifted his hat just the least bit and was about to pass on, when the mother whispered: "Who is that?"

The young girl was so confused she hardly knew what to reply, and was murmuring some excuse through her blushes, when the mother nudged her, saying: "Introduce me at once."

Taking a few steps toward them he said: "I am Doctor Foster, madame; forgive me that I have been admiring your beautiful daughter at a distance." Explanations followed and the Doctor accompanied the ladies to their home.

The mother was delighted with his conversation and manners, and although she scolded the doctor and her daughter for becoming acquainted in the street and for carrying on a love affair in out-of-the-way places and in secret, yet the romance of the thing and the elegance and superiority of the doctor so gained her heart that she forgave them and promised to win over the father.

After that the doctor became a regular visitor at the mansion in the Avenue Victor Hugo, but unfortunately, those visits were not of long duration for the banker had to return home, and he brought his family with him.

Absence made the heart grow fonder, however, and the banker's daughter had no sooner reached New

York than she opened a correspondence with her lover in Paris.

She sent him cablegrams and letters, and her correspondence has now come to light in a horrible and unlooked-for way.

On the night of the 17th of March a tall man, having a high hat and a long coat, passed the janitor at the door of No. 61 Rue Montaigne, saying that he was going to the flat of Mme. de Montille.

Although it was late the chain was taken down, the bolts withdrawn and the door opened to him.

The man had the dress and appearance and was in the habit of visiting these apartments, although he did not live there.

Mme. de Montille was a little surprised to see the

to go to London on business for the American on Avenue Victor Hugo, and requested her to lend him some money.

She had none, but she went out, pawned her jewelry, and gave him the proceeds. Promising that he would not be long away he bade her good-by and went to Marseilles. There he received the package addressed to him from Paris, opened it, took out the jewelry and went to visit two young women acquaintances.

He sold one a watch, another a pair of earrings and a third a brooch.

With the funds thus obtained he went to a house and passed the night. The money he presented to one of the women he got back in the morning at the muzzle of a pistol. That day he enjoyed himself riding in car-



MARIE REGNAULT AWAKES ONLY TO DIE AT THE HANDS OF HER LOVER, PRANZINI.

gentleman, not expecting him that night, but she gave him a kindly welcome and a little supper.

She prepared the feast herself, as her servant had gone to bed after letting out a previous visitor, and made herself as agreeable as possible.

The gentleman excused himself for the lateness of the hour and assured Mme. de Montille he would not have come had he supposed she had retired.

The man slept until near daylight, and then as the sun began to throw his first rays across the window shutters Mme. de Montille was roused from her slumber by an iron grip on her throat.

She jumped quickly, and being a young and powerful woman made a desperate fight for her life. She was confronted by a Hercules, holding a terrible butcher-knife and murder flashing in his cold blue eye.

With a powerful effort she threw the assassin off, caught the bell-rope that hung beside her pillow and rang the bell. A moment later the servant woke, answered that she was coming and turned out of bed.

That was the last sound which Marie Regnault heard on earth. The next instant her throat was cut from ear to ear.

The murderer then, without a look at his victim, crossed the room on tiptoe, opened the door leading into the servant's room and stood a second watching the woman get her clothes. She had just put her petticoat over her head when he fell upon her, tore the garment off and cut her throat, just as he had that of her mistress.

A little three-year-old child in a cradle beside the servant's bed screamed at the sight of the flashing knife, and the man jumped at her and cut the head off almost completely.

He then returned to the front room, where Mme. de Montille, or more properly, Marie Regnault, lay, and robbed it.

He picked up what jewels and money he could find and left the house.

He made a parcel of what he had obtained, addressed it "Dr. Foster, care of Dr. Pranzini, Hotel de Noailles, Marseilles," and put it in the express office.

It was snowing hard and piercing cold, but the man's blood was at such a heat that he had to walk along the exterior boulevards for hours before he could calm himself down sufficiently to meet people.

Feeling at length that he could stand the most

riages and carousing, and in the evening he went to the opera.

He was arrested in the theatre after the first act and sent back to Paris.

At first Mme. Sabatier insisted that Pranzini had spent the night of the 17th of March with her, and tried to prove an alibi for him.

The police threatened her, but it was no use. She stuck to the story. They plied her with questions and tried to break her down, but it was no use. She stuck to her tale.

She said she loved him better than anything else on earth, and she would die rather than bring him to the gallows.

She was locked up and indicted as an accomplice in the crime, but she smiled and answered defiantly that love purified all.

At this time she believed Pranzini innocent.

He had told her so, and that was enough. He admitted the acquaintance of Marie de Granet, but said he had merely called there a few times and left his card.

It was evident he had not seen her, as his cards were there, and it was the presence of these cards that had made him anxious about the affair. The aspect of matters changed when the officers brought in the other women and evidence of many more. Pranzini had been very short of means previous to the murders, and it was proved conclusively to Mme. Sabatier that he committed the crimes to obtain money to take him to America, where he expected to marry the millionaire's daughter. Jealousy then took the place of love, and she told the truth.

She admitted he had not slept in her room on the night of the 17th of March and repeated the lies he had told her about that night and the crime of the Rue Montaigne.

She said that she had met him on the street and had fallen in love with him.

His proud manner, gentle disposition, magnificent physique and beautiful conversation had completely won her heart, and she would willingly lay down her life for him, but he had betrayed her, as he had so many others who had trusted him, and now she would assent not to defeat the ends of justice.

She had been keeping him, paid for his meals and clothes, and at the time he was making love to the

left her at Odessa after gambling away her money and jewelry, and traveled up and down the Mediterranean for several years, in various capacities and always in the company of ladies.

He spoke half a dozen languages fluently and could make himself so agreeable that it was almost impossible to resist him.

He had a strange power over women, the fascination of the serpent, and he never failed to exercise it for his own ends and benefit.

It was asserted that from the instant his cold-blue eye rested on a woman's face she became his victim. His control over her was supreme; he could force her to his will and almost make her think as he wished. The list of his conquests all through Europe and the East is long, and there are women in it whose skirts brush the thrones of some of the proudest potentates of the Old World.

Chance and amazing cheek threw this man into the society of the most distinguished people, and he never failed to profit by his opportunities.

He followed General Skobeloff into Plevna, and was intrusted with the care of that old warrior's mother on her journey from Roumania to Russia. He is suspected of being concerned in her murder and robbery, and strangely never arrested for it. He had been in Asia, India, China, Hindoostan, and at times managed to get together considerable money. He never kept it long, being an inveterate gambler.

He squandered the entire fortune of a Russian Princess in Italy and then robbed the hotel where he was employed as an interpreter.

He nearly ruined the niece of the Austrian Archduke after having betrayed her, and plundered and emptied the satchel of an English lady of title, who husband is a well-known member of the House of Lords, while he was employed on the Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars going through Italy.

The scandal created about that lady and the airs of Pranzini and his lordly pretensions and familiarity set all high society talking in Milan; the lady had to fly to Rome to avoid it, and repair the damage to her pocket-book, of which she did not dare to allude. The trial has been a highly exciting one, and was conducted in a court-room filled with noble dames. Pranzini tried to turn the crime over on an old enemy of his named Geisler, but his tricks were discovered and he was convicted.

CLAYTON H. GARDNER.

[SEE PAGE 13.]

The subject of our sketch first saw light on September 11, 1883, being born in Cortland county. While yet in his teens he showed good running qualities in short distance contests that were considered "fast" by the local sports; but it was not until the season of '85 that



PRANZINI.

he broke loose from the amateur ranks and came to the front as a professional runner. Since then he has easily defeated such local runners as Dan Riley, Jimmie Doud, Fred Hilligus, the present three-mile champion of Cortland county, and other fast sawdust travelers. In the season of '86 he competed in twelve races, winning them all; winning one at Truxton having twelve starters, and another at Cortland, July 4, having fourteen starters. His most notable race last season was on August 23, when, on the Cortland Fair Ground, on the day of the horse race between the J. C. Serviss of Amsterdam and Emeralds of Cortland, he started in a race having seven professional runners, and won the race, running the 100 yards in the remarkably fast time of 10 seconds. He has recently authorized Frank E. Wright of the M'Grawville Sentinel to issue a challenge for him. He stands ready to run any resident of Cortland county, from 100 to 300 yards, for \$50 to \$100 a side; said race to be run in said county, and within four weeks of signing articles. Until somebody has a better right to the title, he lays claim to being the champion 300-yard runner of Cortland county, and stands ready to defend his claims to it according to the above challenge.

CHARLES A. CAPPA.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

When the Count Grafulla died, it was predicted in military circles that no successor to his eminent position as bandmaster of the Seventh Regiment would ever be found. At the present day it is gladly confessed even by the most despondent prophets of that period, that Signor Cappia, under whose baton the magnificent band of the Seventh now floods the air with brazen harmony, has far and away replaced the lamented Grafulla. In addition to being a magnificent leader and a musician, Cappia is one of the most generous and jovial souls in the world. His services are always at the disposal of a brother artist in distress, and his cheery nature endears him to the members of his band. Not the least of his gifts is his comeliness, for he is a strapping, broad-shouldered native of the Italian highlands, and looks every inch a soldier.

The POLICE GAZETTE is sent to any address 13 weeks for \$1.00. Try it.



HE COMPLETES HIS HELLISH WORK BY MURDERING THE SERVANT GIRL AND THE LITTLE BABE.

searching gaze, he presented himself about 2:30 o'clock at the apartments of Mme. Sabatier.

He was in the habit of sleeping there and was permitted the freedom of the place.

He made an excuse that he had been at a ball in the house of some Americans on the Avenue Victor Hugo, and she finally forgave him.

After dinner they went to the circus and on the way home they bought an evening paper. In that Pranzini read the story of his crime, and almost betrayed himself. He soon recovered, being a man of iron nerve; went to bed, and slept soundly until morning.

During breakfast he told Mme. Sabatier that he had

banker's daughter and going to balls and parties at her father's palace he was wearing the stockings of Mme. Sabatier.

Mme. Sabatier told all this and much more at the trial, and was largely instrumental in getting convicted her former lover Pranzini.

During the trial, which lasted four days, Pranzini was shown to have had a checkered career. He was born in Alexandria in Egypt of Italian parents and got a position in the postoffice when he was eighteen years of age.

He was dismissed for stealing money out of letters, and fled from Cairo with the daughter of a Pasha. He



## BASE HITS.

Sparks From the Green  
Diamond of America's  
National Game.



Michael Tiernan.

This excellent pitcher, fielder and batsman, comes from Trenton, N. J. He is twenty years of age, is 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 163 pounds. He first played professionally with the Williamsport club during the season of 1884. In 1885 he played with the Trentons, and on that club being transferred to Jersey City in June of that year, he accompanied Manager Powers there. Last season he led the Eastern League right fielders with a fielding percentage of .935. In case of emergency he is a strong left-handed pitcher. He pitched some remarkable games for the Jersey City club. He is not only a strong batsman and great fielder, but also a daring base runner, being one of the fleetest in the profession. Tiernan is strictly temperate in his habits, and keeps himself in fine condition all the year round. His frame is sinewy and well knit, and indicates a man who can stand much exertion. He calculates his curves with as much judgment as the most experienced occupant of the box. He pitches with his left hand, and can easily put a spin on the ball, either inside or outside, that curves it at least two feet. His attacks are seldom punished, and consequently he has little to dispirit him when pitching. Unfortunately he had a heavy spell of sickness last winter, from which he has not fully recovered. He is gaining his health very rapidly, however, and it is thought he will be back in his old form in a short time.

There is nothing the matter with Deasley.

Cyclone Miller was very short-lived as a phenomenon.

The mushroom ball clubs are rapidly passing in their checks.

Gruber's exalted opinion of himself has lost him several jobs.

Ramsay has been doing great work this season, and has a host of admirers.

Gillespie is finding the ball in great shape, both in the field and at the bat.

It just cost "Kid" Baldwin \$13 for being a trifle forgetful while in Brooklyn.

Jack Dailey is about as fair and just an umpire as can be found in the Association.

The "Joins" are not playing their game, and Nutrie wants to look sharp for his head.

Whether it is Caylor or blind luck it is hard to tell, but the Mets are certainly playing ball.

Papa Bickham is making a journalist of his off-spring, the ex-Princeton College pitcher.

When Anson releases a young player you can gamble there is nothing in him nor never will be.

It will be a long, cold day when the Brooklyn's give in to Von der Ahe on the percentage business.

Mr. Byrne is not only tired but extremely weary of the work his boys have been doing this season.

The Indianapolis people are getting back at Polhemus, as they regard him as a regular dung bill.

Shaffer of the "Mets" was not exactly a miscarriage, but he was certainly a great disappointment.

The most unappreciative men in the baseball business are the gluttons at the head of the Boston club.

Everybody that has ever played a game of baseball in his life imagines that he is the making of a boss umpire.

Vonder Ahe will have to do as Spalding did, and get rid of some of his best men if he wants to make money.

Every dog has his day, and the once great and "Only" Nolan is now a Knight of the Club in Paterson, N. J.

The New Yorks were a trifle previous in announcing the engagement of Morris. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Big "Kel" will don the uniform once more, and endeavor to play first base for the Louisville team. He was a good one in his day.

Meddlesome directors have been almost a curse to baseball and have been the ruin of more clubs than you could shake a stick at.

It takes a rogue to catch a rogue, and Phillips does not place any too much reliance in Nimick's assurance that everything is all right.

A baseball match is, beyond question, interesting, if not exciting, when the managers get to calling each other "God damned liars" in the press box.

When the Athletics found that Bobby Matthews was getting the better of them they compromised matters by giving him another chance to pitch.

This swelled head business is no good. Anybody can get enlargement of the nut, but getting it back to its normal condition is the most difficult obstacle.

Playing for your release is not always a good scheme. There is such a thing as the management taking a tumble and giving you just what you richly deserve.

The American Association people are of the opinion that Von der Ahe is making a dead bluff. They will sing a different tune, however, if Chris jumps them in the fall.

"If the God damn reporters will keep their mouths shut we can attend to our own business," is the style in which the press got sat upon last Sunday at Ridgewood Park.

The Bostons are now beginning to think the great and only Radbourne is overpaid. What is the matter with their giving a thought to John Morrill being greatly underpaid?

The Baltimores have been playing away beyond their strength during the greater portion of the season, and it is only a matter of time till they drop back where they belong.

The great Radbourne, with all his big \$4,800 salary, did not prove much of a barrier against the New Yorks, July 25, as they pounded him all over the field and won at a canter.

Sweeney, the California pitcher, has gone to pieces like an exploded soap-bubble. He wasn't even wanted by a tenth-rate amateur club, and had to go back to California to learn the whole business over.

The Detroit people are beginning to weaken on their much over-rated team. The *Free Press*, which shouted their praise so loud in the spring, now calls them "weak-kneed" and only "occasional sluggers."

The New Yorks have been offered \$10,000 for the release of Ward, but however much the management might want the money they wouldn't dare part with Ward, for fear of public opinion, as Johnny is the most popular baseball player in this city.

Oshkosh caught on in great shape, as a rich old crab, who was fond of the game, left the club \$20,000 when he turned up his toes. How Becannon's eyes would have danced in his head, if some rich old codger had left this amount to the New York Reserves.

Dyspepsia must be a rotten complaint, as it makes a man get mad as anything in a hurry, that he would be almost willing to part with his head, if he only had the power to pull them back with a big string before they made an impression on other people's minds.

It seems funny, but nevertheless it is true that Buck Ewing was a dead failure at second base, and a grand success at third; while Danny Richardson was a dead failure at third base, and a grand success at second. The changing of these two men had much to do with the making of the New York club.

Arthur Irwin now poses as a prophet and says that the lead the other clubs have over the Philadelphia will count for nothing if the club continues to play good ball. Arthur is a long, long way off on his first attempt, but it is hoped that he will improve in a century or two and come nearer the mark if he desires to make a success in that life.

Oh! oh! oh! and this is the style in which the Boston Herald paves the way: "Secretary Young, don't let Doescher go until Boston has had a chance to praise him for his excellent work this season." Result—Doescher reads this and will go to Boston with a swelled nut, throw out his chest and give everything to Boston, in order to merit that promised praise.

Watkins of Detroit is one of the most troublesome men in the baseball arena. He wants every close decision given to the Detroit club, and in case he doesn't get what he wants, he bends every energy to try and have that umpire crowded out of the business. He has been the cause of more changes in the League's staff of umpires than all the other men in the League put together.

One of the most absurd things that Pete Browning has been credited with having said is "that his legs would drop off if he attempted to slide into a base." It wouldn't be a bad idea to try it once if there was any prospect of any such a thing occurring, as a couple of spokes could be stuck into the lower part of his body, and he would make better time than he is doing now with his legs.

Mr. Erastus Wiman can pride himself on having at least one good, solid man in his employ. He is one of those thoroughly independent gentlemen that would not care if hell froze over, he would not yield if he had a thick-headed idea that he was right. We were unable to ascertain the gentleman's name, but such men are he are not only scarce but very valuable when it comes to driving away trade.

There is nothing slow about the Portland management. The pitching of Clarkson did not suit them, so they put on the injured, and before releasing him fined him the amount of salary due him on a pretext of careless playing. It would have been more honorable to have given him his hard-earned money, but then you see the down East Yankees saved a few dollars, and are chuckling in their sleeves over their smart dodge.

The Boston "Herald" is working up a scheme to appropriate the three best players in the National League. They are trying to get at it by requesting the opinions of all their readers. This is one of the ways, to be sure, but their readers are so few compared to the population of the United States interested in baseball that it is like throwing a handful of sand overboard in mid-ocean to see what effect it would have toward forming a sand bar.

The American Association is proceeding along very smoothly, and there is really nothing to show that the desertion of the Pittsburghs from its ranks causes the least worryment. The race for the pennant is just as lively and interesting as it was when Pittsburgh had a hand in it. *Sporting Life*. Sour grapes! Rate! Come off! What are you giving us? Do you mean to say that if Pittsburgh was in the Association she would be where Cleveland is? Oh, go soak your head.

It is seldom that an official umpire is openly insulted by the league which gives him employment, but such is the treatment Umpire Quinn received at the hands of the New England League officials, who, without showing cause, removed a fine which Quinn placed on Captain Fettes, of the Lawrence club. It was only ten dollars, and the amount was therefore so small that, for the sake of discipline, it should not have been refunded, even though it had been inflicted through gross injustice.

Lew Simmons looks back with pride to July 30, 1886, the day that he made ten runs in one game, as does Jim Nutrie to the day he assisted seventeen times and put out eight men in a single game, while playing short stop. Unlike Simmons, however, he has forgotten the day of the month, the year and even the names of the clubs he was playing with and against, as well as the city, town or village the game was played in. He can prove it all the same by a cigar maker who scored the game and lives in some one of the Eastern towns. As soon as Jim finds the fellow with the book, whose name, by the way, he does not remember, he will knock Simmons silly with his ten run record.

Bobby Matthews is taking the proper course, and everybody admires his spunk for refusing the Athletic management for breach of contract. The trouble is that these baseball magnates have been ruling with entirely too high a hand, and the sooner that they are brought to their senses, the better it will be for the ball-players, who are now overriden in a more disgraceful manner than the slaves were in the days of slavery. For in those days the sting of the lash was their only fear, while such punishment was merely pigny work compared with the present mode of depriving men of the honest dollars they earn. For instance, a player is fined heavily for the most trivial offense. If he goes into an argument as to why he is fined he is fined again. Let him simply say "It is unjust," he is fined again, and the more he protests, the more he is fined, and in order to save even a remnant of his salary, he is obliged to submit like a whipped cur. Another form of punishment, even more severe than the deprivation of salary, which, as a rule, follows the fining, is the black-list, which bars any other club, under the National Agreement, from giving the player employment until such stigma be removed. This is an injustice which no law in the land will sustain, and the sooner the matter is brought to a crisis the better it will be for the ball-players. JUNE.

## STONED BY ANGRY ROUGHS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The baseball game at Ridgewood Park on Sunday week was lively enough, but the scenes after the game were even livelier. Umpire Mitchell did not please the crowd by his decisions and angry crowds gathered around him after the game was over. The rougher portion of the crowd seemed to think that Mitchell had taken a seat on the coach which was conveying the St. Louis players away from the grounds, and a shower of bricks and stones was sent after the vehicle. Umpire McQuade, who was on the coach, but had nothing to do with the game, was struck in the face by a flying brick-bat and painfully injured. President Von der Ahe and his St. Louis players had a lively time of it dodging the flying missiles.

## A FIEND.

Parson William Thomas Abbott West and His Deed  
Of Murder.

## CLERICAL FRAUD.

He Deserts His Wife and Children  
To Elope With Unfortunate  
Susie Beck.

## WHOM HE POISONS.

Our correspondent at St. Louis, Mo., writes July 31 as follows:

Arrest, for murder, Rev. William Thomas Abbott West, alias Thomas Abbott, 31 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches high, with dark auburn hair, dark brown eyes, full, square face and chin, clean shaven; stoops slightly when walking; wears wine-colored spectacles; dresses like a clergyman. Wanted for the poisoning of Susie Beck.

ANTON HUBBLE,  
Chief of Police.

The above message went out on the telegraph wires last evening to all the principal cities in this country and in Canada. The mystery surrounding the death of Susie Beck, or, as she was known here, Annie Abbott, had been solved at last. She had been murdered by her ministerial lover, with whom she eloped from Chesterton, Ind., June 21. During the afternoon Prof. Luedeking, the chemical analyst of Washington University, had placed the liver under examination by what is known as the Marsh process for the determination of the presence of arsenic. He was tired and sat down to rest, expecting that the poison, if it existed, would not develop for some time. His eye caught the mirror just as he settled in his chair and beheld a thin, blackish film gathering thereon. He jumped up and noticed it gather more plainly and then sat down again. There was the proof that the liver was charged with poison. He waited until the deposit ceased and then he boxed up the instrument, put on his hat and coat and started for the coroner's office. There he announced his discovery and immediately the Chief of Police was notified and the message was sent out.

Dr. Luedeking briefly explained the test and then announced that the evidences he had observed showed that in the little piece of the liver on which he had been working there was enough arsenic to have killed the woman. He should judge that in that portion of the liver there was about fifty grammes or about 750 grains. The part on which he had experimented was about one twenty-fifth of the whole liver, which would indicate, approximately, of course, that the organ had been charged with at least 18,750 grains of arsenic. It was an enormous dose and would have killed he could not say how many persons. He had not examined the stomach at all, but the liver being so rich in arsenic, he had not a doubt the poison would be found in very large quantities in the stomach. Dr. Frazier instructed the analyst to postpone his tests of the stomach and to take his time in determining the exact amount of poison which had been administered.

"Was the quantity too great for a suicidal dose?" was asked.

"Yes."

"Then it's murder?"

"It is murder."

The discovery of the poison was the one fact wanting to make a complete chain of circumstantial evidence justifying the arrest of the man whose sudden disappearance after the woman's death, followed by the developments pointing conclusively to guiltiness of some sort, first aroused suspicion. Rev. William Thomas Abbott West left Chesterton, Ind., June 21, and at the same time Susie Beck, with whom he had been criminally intimate, disappeared from the same place. He was heard from again by letter to the wife he had deserted, a few days after. The girl was also heard from about the same time by her mother. They were both in Chicago. There they were lost sight of. On July 1 Rev. Thomas Abbott and his wife were found, faint and bedewed, after sleeping in a wheat field at Woodlawn, in St. Louis county. He told a pitiable story of having eloped with her despite her parents' desires, and how they had tramped many weary miles. He got work in the county for some time, and then was given a place in M. D. Degge's silver-plating establishment. He was a splendid workman, an intelligent man, a pious Christian to all outward seeming, and was pitied and respected too. He and his wife went to live together at 713 North Jefferson avenue. She fell sick. A doctor was summoned.

He pronounced her ailment a combination of heart disease and cholera morbus, she denying she was pregnant. She died, and the doctor gave a certificate in accord with his diagnosis. This was July 18. Next day Abbott disappeared, and his grief, it was thought, had driven him mad. Some days after, Mr. Degge, his employer, received two letters. One was from Abbott himself, the other a letter Abbott had received from his wife. Her letter alluded to a possible separation, and declared that she would die rather than that should happen. His letter was full of grief, and concluded with a threat of joining her by jumping in the river. Mr. Degge thought he would commit suicide, and notified the police. Then he hesitatingly delivered up the letters, and they were both found to have been written in the same hand. Some one then remembered certain talk of Abbott's, relating to arsenic, on the day of his wife's funeral.

Then a package of arsenic he had purchased, and from which some of the poison had been taken, was found at Degge's shop. The body was exhumed. Then from Chesterton, Ind., came the announcement that Thomas Abbott was the Rev. William Thomas Abbott West, and that Mrs. Annie Abbott was Susie Beck. It was learned that he had gone back home, and that a letter from Susie Beck, dated July 20 at Chicago, and

declaring she was doing well, had been received at Chesterton. On July 20 Susie Beck had been dead two days. Then Abbott appeared at Chesterton, dazed and ill, and he fled as soon as he learned that he had been identified as Abbott. He took away all photographs of himself but one. Then it developed that arsenic was not used in silver-plating. Then came the discovery that death was due to arsenical poison.

Many of these facts segregated might be accounted for upon charitable hypotheses, but, taken altogether, the conclusion is irresistible that the man committed murder.

The post-mortem examination of the woman revealed the presence of a fetus of about two and one-half months' gestation, with placenta attached, and the fact was unaccountable for upon any theory but one, which still further goes to strengthen the idea of murder. She had denied that she was pregnant, and had misled the physicians who attended her so that, had it not been for the action of the husband, the awful crime might have been hidden forever in the poor girl's lonely grave, and in the black depths of the murderer's heart.

Where there is a crime, say the lawyers, the first thing to look for is the motive. What motive had Abbott or West for his crime?

Every hour he lived with the poor girl added an additional motive or strengthened an old one to get rid of her. Every day his reason declared to him to remain with her was ruin. Every lie he told grew gauzier and gauzier, so that it seemed that all the world might see the cloth of which it was made. The tie between him and the woman grew more galling every day. The little one on its way to this world would make the tie more strong and more galling. He could not shake the woman off; her love would furnish her strength to follow him till the day he died. If she were dead—the thought was an inspiration. If she were dead—Annie Abbott might die, and Susie Beck, too, but who, far away from the home they had fled, would identify the two. A thought such as this burns the brain until it finds relief in action.

Then the scheme of murder developed, and in this wise, according to the theory on which the Coroner and police are working.

He represented to her that the birth of the child in their present straitened circumstances would only add to their difficulties in getting along. Her scruples gave way under his specious arguments, and an operation was agreed upon. If she asked who was to perform it, why, who but himself, as it would be unsafe to call in any one else. He would procure the medicine. He visited the Mallinckrodt Chemical Works, and there bought 2½ pounds of arsenic. He was known as an electro-plater, and as one who used poisons in his solutions. It might be needed in his business. Some of this would serve his purpose. Susie Beck, an ignorant girl, would never guess its real nature. He gave it to her as the medicine that would stifle infant life, telling her to suppress her cries of pain and not to mind it, as it had to be borne that the object might be accomplished. She was taken sick and Dr. Albin called in.

He asked her if she was pregnant or had had a miscarriage, and she bravely replied no. It was at a time when there were hundreds of people daily who were suffering with cholera morbus, and three out of every five of a doctor's patients then were suffering. The symptoms were vomiting and purging. It was reasonable to declare this a case of cholera morbus. The physician called in his brother, also a physician, who suspected pregnancy, but was thrown off by the woman's flat denial. The people were poor, and had been living off canned fruits and meats and fishes. It was a fair deduction that plomatism, formed by decomposition in these articles of food, had caused the disease. Then the woman's heart was weak, and the wrenching of the cholera morbus affected it. When she died the certificate was made out, in the light of the facts learned, heart disease, superinduced by cholera morbus. The husband was with her constantly. The violent strain of the arsenic and the congestion caused served to force a miscarriage, and he hid the birth, which had never quickened. Then she died. The undertakers washed the body and observed no marks of maternity. They dressed the body, but they were not with it all the time. It was easy for the man, when all alone, to unscrew the coffin lid and thrust the fetus and placenta under the clothing, and bury the only thing the finding of which would lead to an investigation of the woman's death.

This is the theory which Dr. Frazier formed when the fetus detached from the mother was found, and it is the only theory, doctors all say, by which the find can be accounted for. It is not supposed that the arsenic was administered in one dose, else death had been so sudden that suspicion would immediately fall upon it. According to the theory which is formed upon the facts, the poison must have been administered in small doses.

The deed was done, and well done, and it would appear that it never would be discovered. But the man who had done it saw immediately one hundred, even a thousand, flaws in the detail of his work. He thought a thousand eyes were on these flaws, and that it all required explanation. He disappeared and then framed the letters to explain it all when no explanation was needed—his very excess of shrewdness gave to the world the clew which would expose the crime he wished to conceal. He raised the body of his victim from the grave to testify against him and make plain every detail of the crime. A light from the tomb, as it were, brought out all the imperfections of his plot. It was again demonstrated that the intellectual man, stooping to crime, always overreaches himself in his manufacture of circumstances to clear himself, from the very fact that what he sees in one light is seen by thousands of others from a different standpoint. When all his plot has failed this man, following out the theory, plays his last card and acts insane.

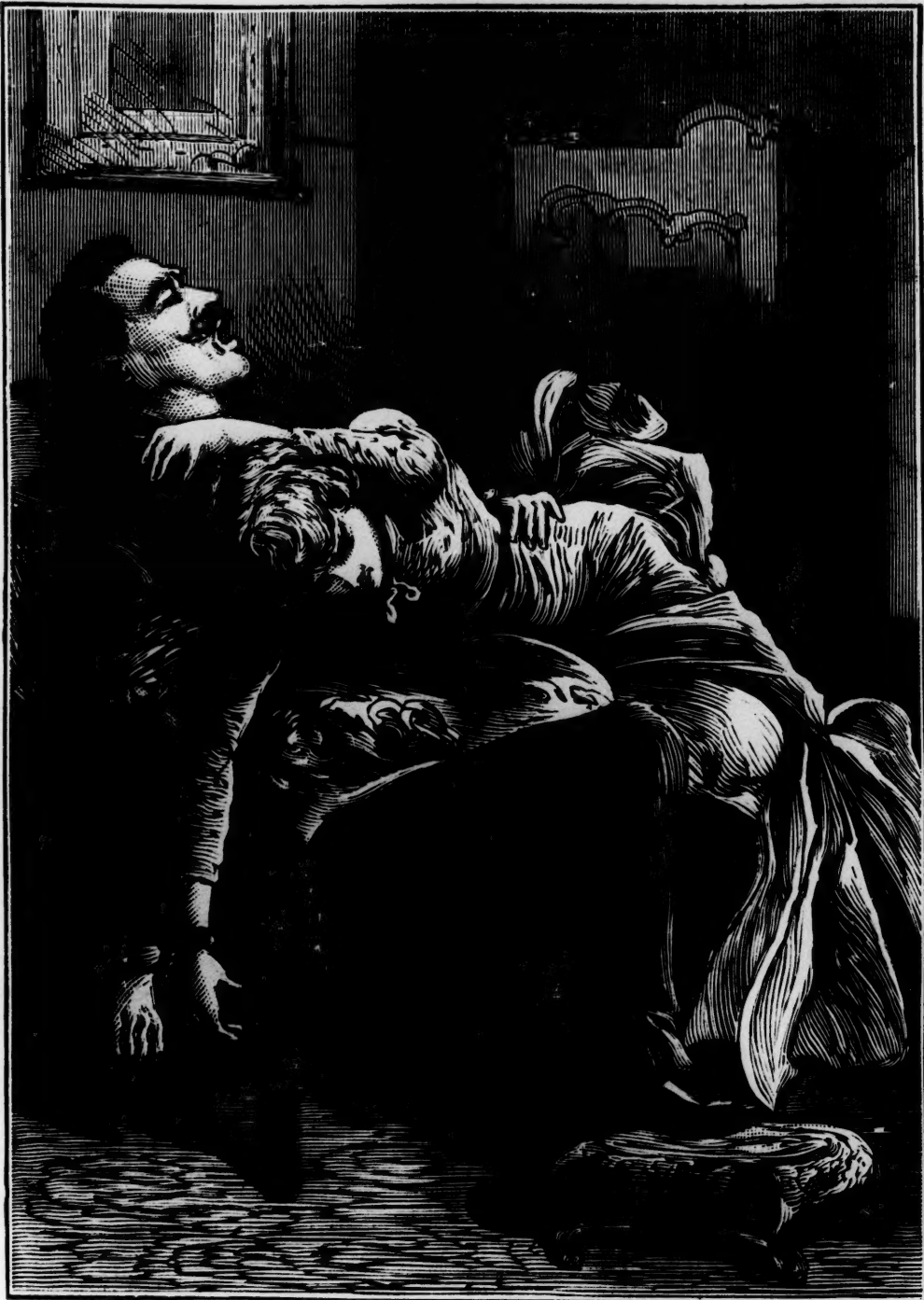
The police of the country are all on the lookout for Abbott, and every reader of the newspaper is for the time being a detective looking out for him.

## EATING A CAT TO APPEASE THE SPIRITS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

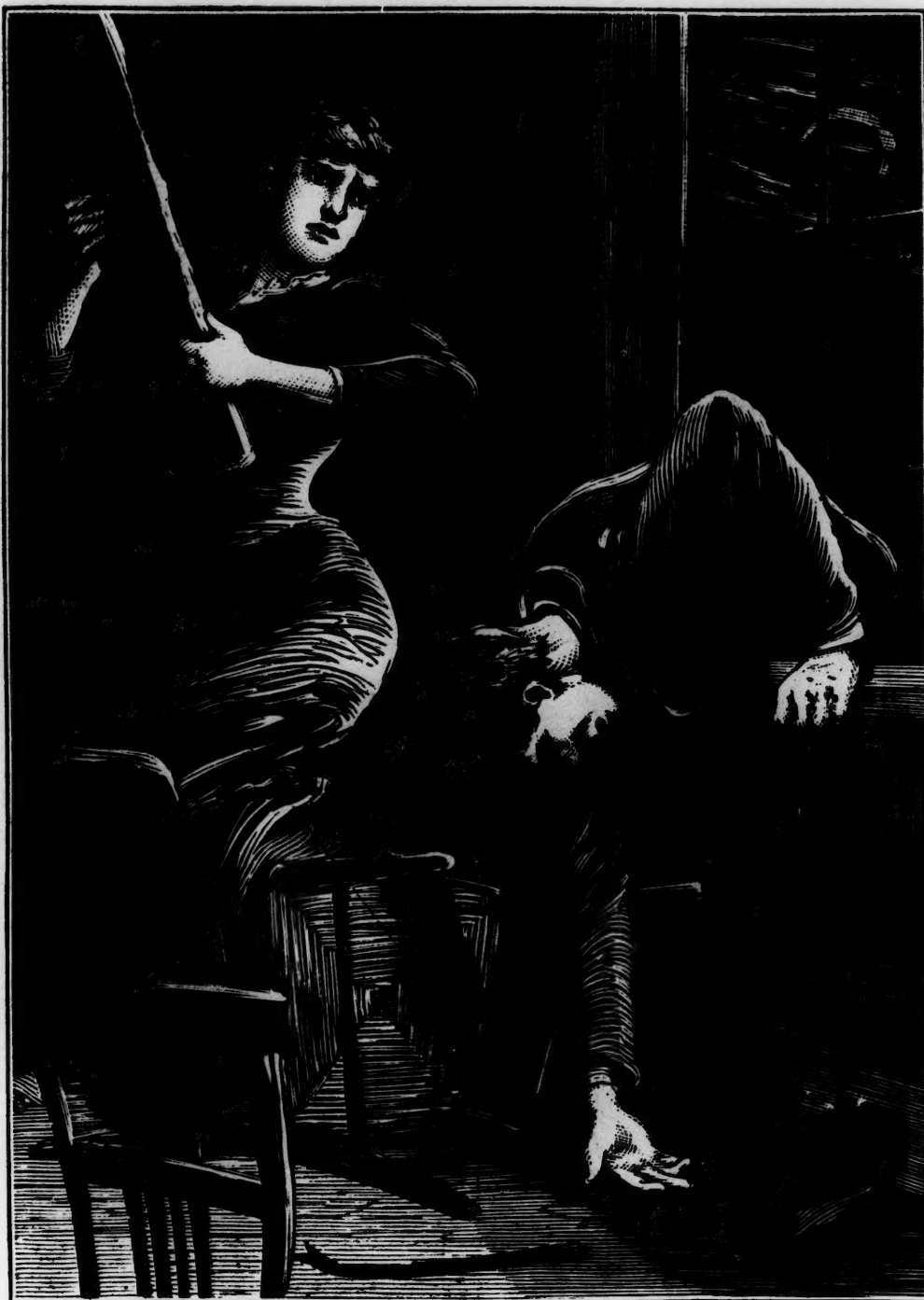
Policeman Jenkins patrolling his post in Eighteenth street, New York, the other morning, was horrified by seeing a negro walking along the street ravenously devouring the body of a dead cat. The policeman knocked the cat out of the man's hands with his club. The negro turned upon the policeman and tried to devour him, but was reduced to submission. He said his name was Charles Rider, and that for several nights past the spirits of his dead parents and wife have haunted him and told him they could not be happy in heaven until he had eaten a human being or a cat. He had been unable to find a man or woman who was willing to be eaten. He had been equally unsuccessful in catching a cat. Finding the dead cat on the street, he thought that might do as well.





HANDCUFFED TO HIS SWEETHEART.

HANDSOME DR. HANCOCK OF ATHENS, GEORGIA, IS MANACLED ACCIDENTALLY TO THE CHARMING MISS AMANDA SPRIGGINS.



SHE HAD HIM DEAD TO RIGHTS.

THE WIDOW DAVIS OF CAIRO, ILL., CATCHES A BURGLAR AND WALLOPS HIM INTO INSENSIBILITY.



HE CHEATED THE HANGMAN.

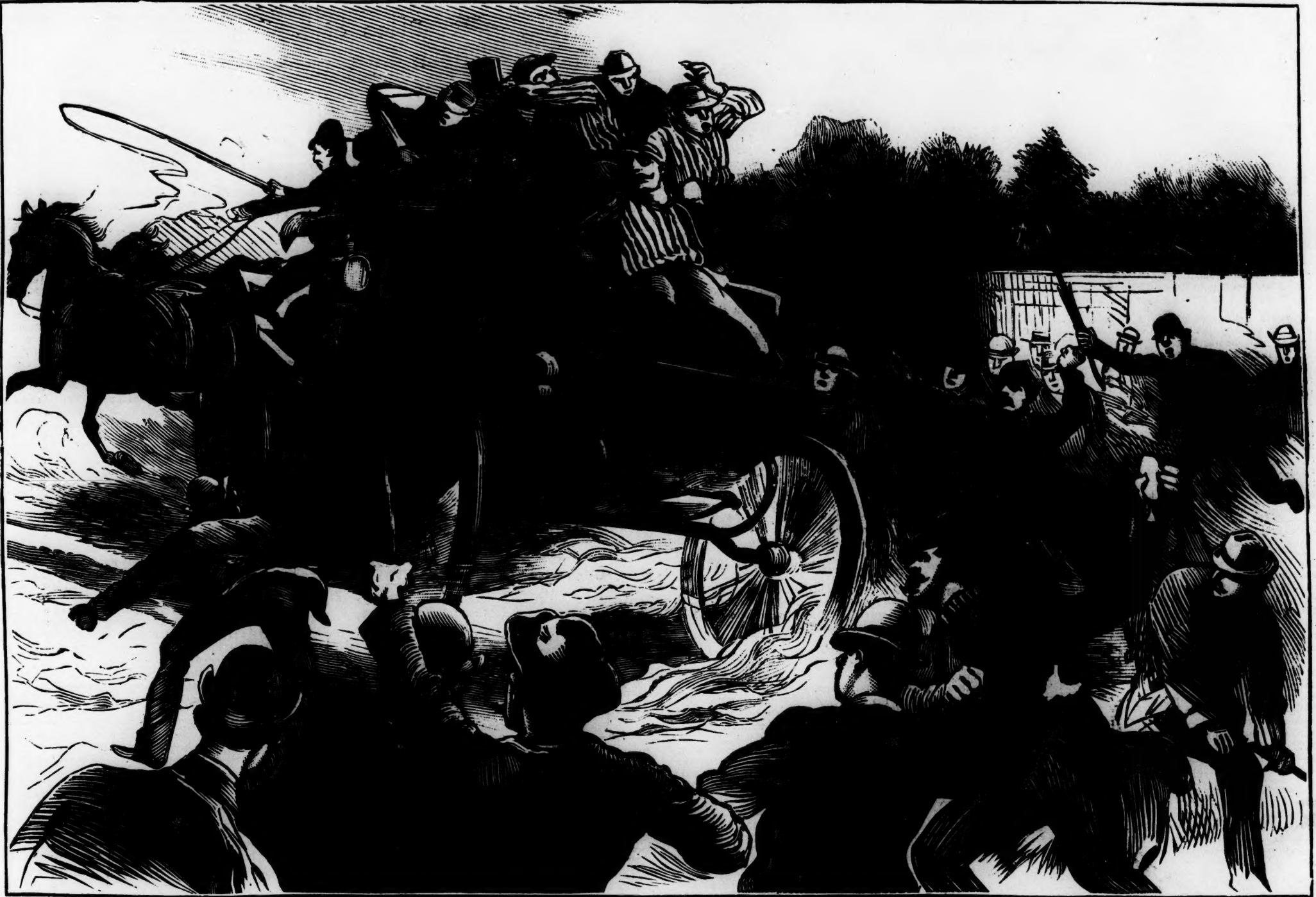
JOHN MCNERNEY OF OIL CITY, PA., MURDERS HIS WIFE AND SON, FATALLY WOUNDS A POLICEMAN AND THEN GETS A MORTAL INJURY HIMSELF.



TOO HOT FOR A FUNERAL.

ALECK SHORTS, A RESURRECTED CONVICT, IS BURIED BY THE SIDE OF A SMALL CREEK NEAR LOUISVILLE, KY.





RUN OUT BY ROUGHS.

UMPIRE MITCHELL AND THE ST. LOUIS NINE ARE CHASED OUT OF RIDGEWOOD PARK BY A MOB OF BROOKLYN HOODLUMS.



SHE GAVE HERSELF AWAY.

MARY FOWLER, OF OXFORD, OHIO, WHO HAS BEEN MASQUERADING IN FASHIONABLE MALE ATTIRE, IS DISCOVERED AND ARRESTED.



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

Jack Hickey, the 150-pound champion pugilist, has arrived safe in England and issued a challenge to fight Toff Wall or any man of 150 pounds in Great Britain for £200 a side.

Charley Mitchell says he will meet any man in America but Kilrain, the champion, where a \$2,000 house is guaranteed, the winner to receive 65 and the loser 35 per cent.

Bob Smith, who recently trained Jack Francis, the victorious pugilist of Yonkers, N. Y., who beat Jack Farrell, is now open to train anybody. He can be addressed at this office.

Billy Dacey states that if Jack Hopper is not satisfied with his defeat all he will have to do is to put up \$50 or \$100 deposit and he will fight Hopper for any amount from \$500 a side up. Dacey's \$100 forfeit has not yet been covered.

A prize fight took place in Trenton, N. J., on July 28, near the city limits, on the banks of the canal, in a barn. The stake was for \$2,000, the men being Farrell of Philadelphia and Wilson of Trenton. The Philadelphia man gained with every round. Before the battle ended, however, the police raided the place and drove out the contestants and their friends, of whom there were only a few present. No arrests were made.

At Philadelphia, on July 30, Tim Clark, a brother of Willie Clark, recently defeated by the Spider, fought 15 rounds and part of a sixteenth, with Charley McCarthy, for \$200 in stake money. The referee announced that the fight would be according to Queensberry rules, with skin gloves. In the sixteenth round Clark claimed a foul, which was not allowed. Clark then refused to fight any more, and the battle was given to McCarthy. The time of actual fighting was 1 hour 2 minutes, and although a good many hard blows were struck, there was not a knock down. Both men were badly used up, and showed the effects of the heavy hitting.

At Arlington, Mass., on July 27, Larry Curran knocked out Tom Slack with a right-hander on the jaw. The men fought in a cabbage garden, and the match was for \$100 a side. Curran is the champion of the East Boston gas house gang. Two or three of their former champions had been knocked out by Slack, so the fight was for blood as well as money. There were about forty sporting men present. It was a red-hot fight while it lasted. Slack got first blood in the first round by hitting Curran on the left ear and splitting it. In the second round Curran knocked Slack down. When Slack got up he was mad, and, rushing at Curran, he hit him so hard that he knocked two of his knuckles back. The third round was hammer and tongs. There was little science, but oceans of energy. It terminated in Curran's favor. So did the fourth and fifth rounds. After sparring for a minute and a half Curran feinted with his left and then swung his right, catching Slack on the jaw. Slack rolled over and lay quiet. The referee awarded the fight to Curran. Both men are heavy-weights, Curran weighing 164 pounds and Slack 168.

The long pending glove fight between Denny Kelleher of Salem, Mass., and Jack McGee of Boston, was decided on July 28 at Boston. The fight was for a purse of \$400, and the men met in an uptown sporting resort. There were about two hundred spectators, consisting of many prominent Boston sporting men, some brokers, and a good many who had never seen a fight before. At twenty minutes after twelve Kelleher entered the ring, and a moment later came the "Dangerous Blacksmith." In view of the occurrences of the evening that might be stated as a misnomer. Kelleher was seconded by Danny Gill and Tom Evans, and McGee was attended to by Walter Dennison and Larry Sullivan. The referee was Jimmy Caldwell. Jim McKoon acted as time-keeper for Kelleher, and J. Lannon, the heavy weight, for McGee. At twenty-nine minutes past 9 the referee walked to the corners of both men and asked them if they were ready. They said yes, and a moment later time was called. The men advanced to the centre of the ring and put up their two-ounce gloves menacingly at each other. They sparred at arm's length for a few seconds and then they rushed and clinched. The referee told them to break away and they obeyed. McGee then got in a sounding whack on Kelleher's heart ribs, and as he jumped back he smiled somewhat exultantly. Encouraged, he made a rush at Kelleher and struck out with his left. As McGee ducked to avoid a return, Kelleher caught him with his right full on the left jaw and McGee went to the floor like a log. He laid there, Kelleher stood over him ready to meet him if he should rise for fourteen seconds, and then, as the crowd was breaking over the ropes, the referee shouted out his decision that McGee had not recovered in the allotted ten seconds, and the purse therefore belonged to Kelleher. Kelleher broke out into a "Haw! haw!" and rushed for his dressing room. The crowd had seen a good fight, but they left the place regretful that there had not been more of it.

The ratification of the International prize fight between Jake Kilrain, the American champion, and Jim Smith, the English champion, has created a furore in sporting circles in both Hemispheres. Never since the great International battle between John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, and Tom Sayers, the respective champions of England and America, in 1860, has there been a match that has created so much interest or excitement. In bar-rooms, theatres and all pleasure resorts the match is the topic of conversation, and wherever Kilrain, the American champion, travels he is button-holed and interviewed, while large crowds follow him and look upon him with wonder. After the special cable from Richard K. Fox arrived, stating that the match was made, Kilrain was notified. The champion was stopping at Lakeside, New York. The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent said: "Well, Kilrain, Richard K. Fox has kept his word and matched you to fight Jim Smith, the English champion."

"Yes," said the champion, "and I am pleased that the match is made. I knew Richard K. Fox would keep his word. I wish it had been John L. Sullivan instead of Smith that I had to fight."

"Why?" said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent.

"Because I should gain more credit by whipping Sullivan than Smith, and besides it might be an easier task."

"Do you think that Smith is superior to Sullivan?"

"I cannot say," said the champion, "but the public are well aware that when Richard K. Fox agreed to back Sullivan to fight Smith for \$10,000, and agreed that the battle should be fought in Ireland, that although Smith agreed to arrange the match, Sullivan backed out. Besides, Sheedy, Sullivan's manager, called me a coward and said I was afraid to fight Sullivan, and I should have the satisfaction of proving Sheedy a liar, for Sullivan never could nor never will be able to whip me."

"What do you propose to do now the match is made?"

"I cannot say when I will begin training, not probably before October, when Richard K. Fox will return from England and I shall do as he directs. Billy Madden will train me for the battle, probably somewhere in Spain, near the battle-ground."

"Who do you suppose will go over to look after your interest and witness the battle?"

"Several prominent men from Baltimore will go over. Charley Goodman, Hugh Kierman, Ben Levy, John Collier, Polly Lewis White, Al Smith, Mattie Corbett, of New York, Charley Johnston of Brooklyn, Alderman James Dunn of Brooklyn, and a number of others."

"What do you think your chances of winning are?"

"That is a ticklish question. I think I shall win, if I did not think so I would not allow Richard K. Fox to put up \$5,000. I am taller than Smith, have a longer reach and will fight at 175 pounds. The advantages, if there are any, are in my favor. If fair play is allowed, and the best man wins I think that trophy (pointing to the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world) will still be in my possession after the battle."

"You never fought according to London prize ring rules?" said the correspondent.

"I think," said Kilrain, "they are the best rules to fight by,

and you can rest assured that I shall do my best to fight for the country I represent and my backer's money."

Billy Madden, who is now managing Kilrain's affairs and who will train him for the great mill, was interviewed in Cleveland in regard to the mill. Madden said that he would have sooner seen Kilrain matched against Sullivan, for there would have been no trouble in crossing the Atlantic and Kilrain would have won sure.

"He will whip Smith," said Madden, "because Kilrain out classes the English champion every way. Besides Kilrain has a better record, and was not John L. Sullivan afraid to fight him? Kilrain I consider is the best man in the world to-day. No one knows this better than John L. Sullivan and Jim Keenan of Boston. He is a tremendous straight left-handed biter. Exceedingly clever with both hands, he is wary and strong and game as a pebble. His battles with Jack Ashton (who won fourteen battles), who I had backed and who Sullivan also refused to meet, proved that, and then look how he surprised everybody by whipping Jack Lannon. Nearly all Boston went back on Kilrain in that battle and played Lannon, thinking they had a clinch. Kilrain's clever boxing, his hard hitting and his judgment won the battle. Smith has never done as much as Kilrain in the prize ring; he could not whip Alf Greenfield, and why should he be quoted such a wonder. I think Kilrain will win and Jake is just as confident as I am."

George Engeman says: "Kilrain will be the biggest man in America if he defeats Smith. He should do so because he is bigger and taller. I will go over to see the mill."

James Wakely, of New York, says: "Kilrain is a clever boxer, and he will give Smith a hard race. I shall go over to see the fight and back Kilrain even if I lose my money."

Barney Aaron says: "Kilrain will have to be well handled to whip Jim Smith, according to what I have heard about him. He is said to be a first-rate 'un and a second Tom Sayers."

Charley Johnson, of Brooklyn, says: "Jake Kilrain will have a hard mob to contend against, and if he has protection he will win. I do not take much stock in Smith, although when I was in England, they said he was a good man."

Los Curtis says: "If it costs me \$1,000 I will go and see the fight. I shall back Kilrain, and if I am there I will stand off half a dozen of those English duffers."

Davy Johnson, the bookmaker, says: "I will have to make a book on that fight and 'hold out' Kilrain, for he is a likely fellow."

Jim Keenan, of Boston, who first brought out Jake Kilrain, says: "If Kilrain can go to Spain and whip Jim Smith, there is a fortune to be made, for the English bookmakers will bet \$10,000 on Smith. I shall probably go over and see the battle, and I should like to see Kilrain win."

John Burke, of Albany, N. Y., says: "I will go and see the fight and bet on Kilrain."

Ex-Alderman John Davy, of Buffalo, says: "Richard K. Fox deserves great credit for going to England and backing Kilrain to fight for such a large stake, when the chances of Kilrain receiving fair play are against him."

Tony Pastor says: "The International prize fight will create a great stir in sporting circles. Kilrain will no doubt make a great stand for the American flag."

Tim McCarthy, of the Crib club, Boston, says: "Kilrain will make Smith believe he is a fighter."

James E. Kelly, the well-known bookmaker, of the firm of Kelly & Biles, of New York, says: "The match between the English and American champions will be worth a long journey to witness. If I have time I should like to see it."

Sam Emery, the well-known turfman, says: "I will go over and bet on Kilrain."

H. Dupont, of New York, says: "America should win this time."

H. J. Cridge, the well-known bookmaker of 28th street, New York, says: "The battle between Smith and Kilrain will cause great speculation. If American sporting men wager the same amount of money on Kilrain as the English sporting men will on their champion, Smith, over \$50,000 will be wagered on the result. It is a capital idea, having the number of spectators limited to fifty a side, this will keep away the rough element and only gentlemen with well-filled purses will be able to journey to witness the battle."

Matty Corbett, the well-known sporting man of this city, says: "It will be a nice trip to see Smith and Kilrain fight, and the battle just takes place at the right time."

Harry Hill says: "I will go over to see the mill, I think Smith will win."

The New York Telegram, July 27, says: "The arranging for an international prize fight in London yesterday by the backers of Jim Smith and Jake Kilrain, an account of which appeared in last evening's Telegram, was the topic of much comment among the sporting men uptown last evening. And well it might be commented upon. Who ever heard of an international prize fight taking place before a restricted number of spectators? Never since the days of Figg, the first champion pugilist England ever knew, has such an agreement been entered into. In fact, it is but fair to assume that the backers of these two principals are anxious to get back the money they put up as stakes by charging their fifty spectators each a good round sum for the privilege of witnessing the battle. Another clause of the agreement states that the men are to fight between the hours of 4 A. M. and 4 P. M. Never before has such a clause appeared in any articles of agreement between men who are to contend for the International championship. The arranging for the battle, to say the least, was done in a very loose style and a way that does not do much credit to the American's representative. Mr. Fox might just as well have had the battle take place in America as in Madrid, Spain. This country is far more accessible than is Spain to reach, which requires many railway changes and the crossing of the Channel. Smith or his friends would not for a moment doubt as to the receiving of fair play from the people of this country."

It is the proper way to arrange a battle upon which such large stakes depend and upon which such a large amount of money will be wagered. There is not the least doubt but that three times the 100 persons named would be anxious to witness the mill if they only had the privilege. The tickets will be ten guineas each and the 100 will be readily disposed of at the office of the Sporting Life, London. In regard to the arrangements of the match being loose all we have to say is that when two parties make a bargain they do so to suit themselves, and if the match is loosely made the contracting parties, and not interested persons, are responsible. The arrangements sent Richard K. Fox and the American champion and Smith and his backers, and the articles of agreement, are fair if both men live up to the contract. It is a long journey. It is true, but we know twenty men from this side who will cross the Fish Pond to see the fight, but it was the only conditions that could be made, as the English champion would not, under any circumstances, agree to fight in America."

The Pittsburgh Dispatch says: "Richard K. Fox, backer of Jake Kilrain, has made a contract with well-known silk weaver of Spitalfields to make Kilrain's colors. The following is the banner under which the American champion will battle for the diamond belt, \$5,000 and the championship of the world. Kilrain's colors consist of a handsome white silk handkerchief, bordered with red, white and blue. In the left-hand upper corner is a shield with the Irish harp and bust of Erin. The right-hand upper corner is occupied by the American escutcheon. The left-hand lower corner shows the coat-of-arms of Baltimore, the opposite lower corner the armorial bearings of Boston, each in a circle. The centre is occupied by a representation of the terrestrial globe, which is surrounded by a sun-burst and reposes on drapery of the Irish and American flags. Instead of the equator the globe is encircled by ropes and stakes, and, blazoned on the face of the world is the star-wart figure of Jake Kilrain, in ring costume, in an attitude of attack. Overhead the American eagle unfolds its wings and carries a scroll in its beak inscribed: 'The Champion of the World.' The lower portion of the globe is banded with an ornate legend which reads: 'Jake Kilrain, Holder of the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt.' All the ornamentation is worked in brilliant colors, making a composition which has never been equaled in the annals of the ring. The design was selected out of several competing drawings, and Mr. Fox has issued orders for the reproduction of it, regardless of cost or trouble, in India silk. The tremendous interest manifested in the coming international battle between Kilrain and Smith is proved, for copies of the colors. Kilrain's colors are an elegant design, and if he proves the gladiator he is represented to be they will not be trailed in the dust, or will Smith capture them when the battle is over."

## SPORTING NOTES.

## Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

The Dwyer Bros. are well satisfied with their new purchase, Kingston, and would not sell him for the price they paid for him.

Many supposed that Reddy Gallagher would conquer Charley Mitchell because Gallagher defeated Pete McCoy and fought Dempsey a great battle.

Billy Lynn has opened the "Police Gazette" Retreat as a sporting house and variety theatre at Vancouver, Wyoming Territory, and is doing a first-class business.

Eugene Martinez, who was recently injured by John O'Brien's big elephant, wishes, through the POLICE GAZETTE, to state that he is not broke up and not half killed, but ready for business. Empress picked up Martinez and threw him heavily, but did not maim him, as reported.

Haggins' stable won the most races at the Chicago meeting. His horses were first fourteen times, and second eight times, and yet he did not win one-half the amount Baldwin's stable did. Haggins' winnings were \$9,885. J. W. Guest's stable won only three races, and yet the amount the stable won was \$10,175.

Robert Falden, of Philadelphia, writes that he will match Sam Fields, of Reading, Pa., against any man in America to pitch quoits, 33 yards, 100 points up, for \$500 a side, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and referee. It is said that Fields is one of the most remarkable quoit tossers ever seen in this country. Probably he is a ringer from England or Scotland.

John Sutherland, of Panama, now in New York, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 1, and desired us to state that he will match Jimmy Carroll, of Brooklyn, to fight the winner of the Johnny Regan and Tom Henry fight for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. If either of the backers of Henry or Regan desire to take on the contract they will at once communicate with this office.

The following explains itself: BOSTON, July 26, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:

SIR—Having seen an article in your paper last week in which it states that Frank Bosworth wants to spar any 150 or 155-pound man in the country, I will spar him at 150 pounds, six, eight or ten rounds or to a finish, for a purse.

Yours respectfully, MIKE DYER.

Beating a Record.—A fair-sized crowd of spectators saw Dr. William P. Carver beat the best record, 4½ minutes, for breaking 1,000 glass balls at Erbs' shooting ground, near Bloomfield, N. J., on July 27. The doctor succeeded in breaking 1,002 balls in 38 minutes and 27 seconds, thus lowering the record by over three minutes. He used six Spencer repeating "pumps," five of which were six-shooters and the other an eight-shooter. The balls were thrown in the air by hand, and out of 1,084 thrown up he missed but 82. On the second and third hundred he broke 99 each time. When he had finished his left arm was almost paralyzed.

The following special cable was received from Richard K. Fox: PARIS, July 30.

If Edward Hanlan or Jake Gaudaur agree to enter in the International single scull race, to be rowed in August, offer the "Police Gazette" trophy. John Teemer, Charles E. Courtney, George Bubeare, the English champion; Albert H. Hamm and P. H. Conley are entered for the race, and if either Hanlan or Gaudaur enter it is Mr. Fox's desire that the championship trophy, which cost \$1,000, shall be offered. The trophy is the most valuable aquatic prize ever offered, and it is the desire of the donor that the champion or the premier oarsman shall win and defend the trophy.

The above cable is in reference to the International single-scull race which is to be held at Pleasant Point, Onondaga Lake, near Syracuse, N. Y., on August 13, for a purse of \$2,500 and the "Police Gazette" trophy. John Teemer, Charles E. Courtney, George Bubeare, the English champion; Albert H. Hamm and P. H. Conley are entered for the race, and if either Hanlan or Gaudaur enter it is Mr. Fox's desire that the championship trophy, which cost \$1,000, shall be offered. The trophy is the most valuable aquatic prize ever offered, and it is the desire of the donor that the champion or the premier oarsman shall win and defend the trophy.

The long talked-of fight to a finish, with skin gloves, between Frank Glover and William Bradburn, took place at Gibson, Ind., on July 28. There were about seventy persons present, fifty of whom paid \$20 each for the privilege of witnessing the contest. Bradburn was in good condition and weighed 165 pounds. Glover weighed 182 pounds, and his more powerful frame showed the results of careful training. So far as appearances went Glover was a winner. The fight was a desperate one from the call of time. Bradburn took the initiative, and was much the cleverest and best tactician. He out-generaled Glover, who kept swinging his right trying to knock his man out, and not only failed to land, but got severely punished in return, especially on the body. From the first Bradburn had the best of it, and he kept continually taunting Glover with remarks of "You can't hit me with a broadaxe. I told my friends so before I came in. You've got no sick boy now," &c. Bradburn avoided nearly all of Glover's leads by clever ducking and repeatedly planted his left with telling effect on Glover's stomach. In the second round he cross-counteracted Glover on the jaw and scored a clean knockdown. In the fourth round Glover rallied and by feinting with his left induced Bradburn to duck and then got home a terrible upper cut with his right. In the seventh round Glover made his last rally, and with a straight left-hander on the mouth and an upper cut dazed Bradburn. That was his last effort. In the ninth round, after they had been fighting thirty-five minutes, Bradburn knocked Glover out.

The following special was received from Syracuse, N. Y. SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 30, 1887.

The arrangements have all been made for the International single scull race for a purse of \$2,500 and the "Police Gazette" championship trophy. It has been settled that the race shall be rowed at Pleasant Point, on Onondaga Lake, near Syracuse, N. Y., on Saturday, August 13. The distance will be three miles—one mile and half and turn—and the purse of \$2,500 will be divided as follows: The winner will receive \$1,000 and the trophy; second, \$700; third, \$500; fourth, \$300. The entries will close on August 5, and will have to be forwarded to James T. Brockway, at Congress Hall, Syracuse, who is the promoter and manager of the affair. The following entries have been received: Chas. E. Courtney, of Union Springs, N. Y.; John Teemer, of McKeesport, Pa.; George Bubeare, champion of England; Albert H. Hamm, of Halifax, N. S.; P. H. Conley, of Portland, Me. It is expected that Jake Gaudaur, Wallace Ross and George H. Hosmer will enter. The race will be governed by the rules of the National Rowing Association. William E. Harding has been selected referee, and two well-known citizens of this city will fill the position of judges. Bubeare, the English champion, is confident of winning, and he is very anxious that Hanlan will enter. Courtney is already training and rowing in splendid form. The race is the topic here and already speculation has begun, Teemer and Bubeare being equal favorites.

I have received a slip clipped from a Cornwall paper about the international wrestling match between Jack Carkeek, the American, and Pearce, the Welsh champion. It says the match ended in a draw. This naturally meant that the stakes were withdrawn, and that all bets were off. Carkeek was staying at Odgers' Hotel, and the fact being communicated to Pearce, the latter, with others, entered Odgers' front bar. Friends began to praise their respective men. It would seem that word had been conveyed to Carkeek, the American champion, that he was to receive \$100, that Pearce had not been seen, and knew not whether he was to have anything, and that Carkeek was unaware of the equal division. The American, after a time, said "I have had \$100, Pearce, you —" and what did you get? You had £20 before the match." Pearce answered the challenge of Carkeek by saying he was prepared to wrestle or fight. "You will, will you?" asked Carkeek and the reply

was in the affirmative. "Then take that," was the rejoinder, and at it the two men went. Before the spectators could actually realize what was taking place Carkeek had Pearce's ear in his mouth. Carkeek's backer went through the door, his face cut badly (no one could say how), and some one, so disgusted at Carkeek's cannibalistic trick, threw a tumbler straight at him. The glass cut Carkeek's face terribly. Instantly the hotel was backed by an excited crowd, and was guarded by policemen. Carkeek was assisted upstairs, and surgeons were called in, whilst Pearce was held down by force in the kitchen by two or three friends. At the time Pearce's ear seemed to have been lessened by a third, his face was a perfect mass of blood, and the man's agitation and efforts to burst from the control of his friends in order to find his opponent were really alarming. Pearce's father requested the police to take Carkeek into custody, but this could not be effected without a warrant. As a matter of fact, however, both wrestlers were more fit for surgeons than gaols.

Some time ago James Armstrong of Romeo, Mich., and a syndicate decided to match Jack Gibson, the well-known English runner against Harry Bethune. A challenge was issued and a 100-yard race arranged for \$2,000. Bethune did not know who the unknown was, but it was the supposition that the unknown was either Boyd Kittleman or Johnston. The stakes were all posted, and in the meantime large wagers were made, Bethune's admirers staking bets of \$500 and \$1,000, which the Michigan syndicate covered. The day set for the race was July 30, at Montreal. The unknown made his appearance on the track a quarter of an hour before the time limit, and the knowing ones were surprised when they found he was Jack Gibson, of England. Fifteen thousand three hundred dollars in bets were put up in the hands of Toby Elliott, who was also final stakeholder of the main stake. The backer of Gibson was a "Mr. Craig," of Romeo, Mich., who represented a Detroit syndicate. The Detroiters put up every cent they had, and even their watches were put up on Gibson. The betting was the gamiest ever seen in Canada. Ed. Holske came from Boston to act as referee, and Harry Gilmors was chosen as pistol-firer. The match had been kept so private that it was thought it was crooked, and only a small crowd knew of it. No time-keepers were appointed, and The World representative and the sporting editor of the Montreal Star were the only newspaper men on the ground, and they held watches. Both runners were in grand condition and fitted to run for their lives. They got on their marks, and Bethune beat the pistol by at least two yards and ran for apparently all that was in him. When twenty-five yards had been covered he was seven yards in front of Gibson, and kept that distance until twenty yards from the tape, when Gibson made a big spurt, but not big enough to catch up. Bethune broke the tape five yards ahead of Gibson. The time was 9.2.5 seconds, but it cannot stand as a record on account of the almost flying start and an 8-inch decline in the hundred yards. A collection was taken up for Gibson. The Michigan contingent was completely broke, and Montreal sports are painting the town. Harry Phillips, Bethune's backer, cleared over \$8,000. Immediately after the race he presented Bethune with eight five-hundred-dollar bills.

Charley Mitchell, the English champion boxer, won his battle with Reddy Gallagher at Cleveland, Ohio, on July 29. The men contested six rounds under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, and at their conclusion the referee, Charley Perkins of Rochester, an old-time pugilist, who was a member of John C. Heenan's sparring troupe, decided in favor of Mitchell on points. Both men were in good condition. Reddy scaled 165 pounds, while Mitchell was full a stone heavier. Jake Kilrain seconded Mitchell, while Gallagher was squired by Harry Pank. As was to be expected Mitchell showed the most science, and his quickness on his legs got him out of harm's way a good many times. In the first round Charley landed the first two blows, and Gallagher had to clinch to avoid punishment. Gallagher succeeded in planting one hot blow on Mitchell's neck. Gallagher gave Mitchell a sharp poke on the chin with his left at the opening of the second round, but Mitchell nailed him with stinging severity on the left eye with his right in return. The blow nearly closed the optic. Reddy banged his man in the mouth with his left and then rushed in and clinched him. They had to be pulled apart by the referee. Mitchell drove his man before him, and gave him two or three hot smashes on the ribs, but napped an upper cut in return on the chin that was decidedly too hot or comfort. It was halted with applause by Reddy's partisans. The third round was hot and heavy. Mitchell had the best of it and floored his man with a clever right-hander. Gallagher, game as a pebble, jumped up instantly and renewed the battle. He was fighting vigorously when time was called. The fourth round was hotly contested. In the fifth Reddy gained a round of applause by staggering his man momentarily with a straight punch, Mitchell planted several left-handed stomach blows that made Reddy feel decidedly uncomfortable, and it was plain in the sixth round that his strength was giving way. Neither was disabled at the end of the sixth round, but Mitchell was by far the freshest man. He showed signs of Gallagher's handiwork, but his punishment was comparatively light. Gallagher's right eye was nearly closed, his face cut and his bellows needed mending. He did remarkably well, but he was outclassed and overmatched in weight, strength, skill and experience. The referee's decision was admitted to be correct on all sides.

Hanover, the turf wonder of 1887, met his first defeat at Monmouth Park on July 30. It was in a race for the Baritan Stakes for three-year-olds, mile and a quarter. The starters were Dwyer's Hanover, who carried 128 pounds, D. D. Wither's Laggard, 111 pounds, and Appleby & Johnson's Bradford, 112½ pounds. Hanover allowed Laggard 17 pounds and Bradford 18½ pounds. Betting—12 to 1 on Hanover, 8 to 1 against Laggard and 10 to 1 Bradford. For a Place—10 to 7 on Laggard, nothing Hanover. Everybody supposed Hanover would win and that Bradford would run second at the start. Bradford, followed by Laggard and Hanover, took the lead, and at the end of the quarter Bradford led by a length, with Hanover a head in front of Laggard. In the run round the turn to the backstretch Hayward hugged the inner rails with Bradford, while both Hanover and Laggard ran wide. There was no change in their positions at the quarter, but Bradford was leading by two lengths, with Hanover three parts of a length in front of Laggard. In the run down the backstretch both Hanover and Laggard gradually closed up, and at the half Laggard was second, a head in front of Hanover, on whom McLaughlin then began to ride, when to the surprise of the assembled thousands the great unbeaten colt failed to respond, and with Laggard in front the excitement became intense. At the three-quarters Laggard led by a length and a half, followed by Hanover lapped by Bradford. When well in the straight McLaughlin drew his whip, but after five or six sharp applications he ceased, and with a great shout the crowd announced the fact that "Hanover's beat." Keeping on Laggard increased his lead at every stride, and finally won by six lengths, with Hanover second, two in front of Bradford. Time, 2:14, of which the quarter was run in 27½ seconds, the half in 55 seconds, the three-quarters in 1:20 and the mile in 1:46½. No greater racing sensation has been seen at Monmouth Park since the defeat of Harry Bassett by Longfellow. At the first the crowd hurrahed and showed every demonstration of delight, but the enthusiasm soon died away and in place grew rapidly a feeling of regret. Thousands asked what could have caused it. The question was one easily answered—overwork, the heavy weight he was carrying and a passing rain of a half hour's duration that had just been converted what was an excellent track into one that was just the reverse of what a long-striding horse like Hanover wanted, even had he been in the best of condition. Of the Dwyers only the younger brother, Mr. "Mike" was present. He was naturally much chagrined and could make no other explanation but that Hanover was overweighted, that the track did not suit him and that he was probably stale from the amount of work he had done. In the latter respect the public seems to resent the Dwyers' asking a horse to do the work reported to have been given him, it being rumored that only last week he did a mile and a quarter in 2:12, and since the race of last Tuesday a mile in 1:46. The latter is scarcely probable. But if true, still the Dwyers have a right to do as they like with their own horses. They are not millionaires, that they can afford to run in a few stakes and pay forfeit, as the Duke of Westminster did with Ormonde in 1886, winning ten races out of twenty engagements. They have also been very unfortunate with their two-year-olds, and really Hanover has had to pay the running expenses of the stable. As to the weight he was carrying, it is possible that had the track been good the 17 pounds he was giving Laggard would have made no difference.



## THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions  
on Matters of Sport-  
ing Interest.

It is now a fact that Kilrain, champion pugilist of America, and Smith, the champion pugilist of England, are to meet face to face in the orthodox 24-foot ring and battle for the championship of the world, \$10,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond championship belt.

According to the agreement the fight will come off on Monday, Jan. 3, 1888, within 100 miles of the city of Madrid, Spain. The affair will be conducted under the new rules of the London Prize Ring, with bare knuckles. The fight will be for \$5,000 a side, of which \$1,000 has been already deposited on behalf of Kilrain with the New York Clipper. Smith also deposited \$1,000 with the Sporting Life. A second deposit of \$1,000 each will be made by each man on Aug. 26, a third like deposit on Sept. 23, a fourth on Oct. 21 and the final \$1,000 on Nov. 25.

With the stakes go a diamond belt and the championship of the world. Smith is to give Kilrain \$500 for his expenses in going to a foreign country. It is agreed that each man is to choose an umpire, and the two umpires are to select a referee at least seven days before the fight occurs.

Smith was first to affix his signature to the articles. His handwriting is pretty bad, but it is said to be even better than the cursive of our own John L. Sullivan. Richard K. Fox signed the agreement in behalf of Kilrain, of whom he is the backer. Major John Burke, of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, also signed his name as subscribing witness. It is agreed that only 100 persons shall witness the fight, fifty of whom are to be named by each side.

At the time Richard K. Fox, on behalf of Kilrain, threw down the gauntlet and offered to match the Baltimore Hercules against Sullivan, who then posed as the champion, a number of newspaper scribes, who receive scarf pins, rings and match boxes for making the public believe, through the papers they represent, that Sullivan and the showman, Shedy, are the two greatest mortals on earth, laughed at the idea and claimed that Richard K. Fox was only bluffing.

Even when he posted \$1,000 forfeit with the New York Clipper, and proved beyond all question that he was in earnest in the matter, even then these would-be sporting critics who write under borrowed names, because they do not want to shoulder the responsibility for what they write, or else they are ashamed of themselves, still tried to make the public believe that Sullivan was the champion, but when the POLICE GAZETTE and the New York Clipper both agreed that Sullivan could not hold the championship unless he fought for it and accepted bona fide challenges, then, and then only, did they retract, because they knew that the representatives of both journals had forgotten more about the prize ring and its results than these alleged would-be sporting critics knew.

"How are the mighty fallen." Every paragraph and screed they have written has been proven untrue, and they have made both themselves and the newspapers they represent ridiculous. Sullivan backed down flat-footed and refused to fight for the championship of America, and Kilrain's backer, the proprietor of this paper, then offered to match Kilrain against any man in America.

Sullivan's valet, Shedy, tried to whitewash the odium from his employer by trying to engage Pat Killen, of Duluth, to meet Kilrain. The latter was ready to meet Killen, and the \$1,000 that Richard K. Fox had posted in the Clipper office was left for Shedy to cover, but either Shedy could not raise the money or Killen did not want the contract, for the match was not made.

Kilrain was eager to meet any man in the world and to prove that, he requested Richard K. Fox to match him against Jim Smith, the champion of England—a man Sullivan agreed to cross the Atlantic to meet when Richard K. Fox agreed to back him, but when it came to matchmaking Sullivan refused to meet the English champion.

Kilrain's request was granted, \$1,000 was left at the Clipper office, a challenge issued and fair terms proposed.

Again did Shedy, Sullivan and the scribes who are paid for puffing Shedy and writing untrue articles in favor of the once champion, say the match would not be made; that Richard K. Fox would not put up his money and that he would not agree to Smith's terms when the latter would agree to meet Kilrain. Again were they wrong, and they had to eat the lead, for the great international match was made and Sullivan and Shedy shut out.

It is reported that Shedy is going to take Sullivan to England, expecting that he will be a great drawing card. If Sullivan had not refused to fight Jim Smith when the latter agreed to the championship's terms, and if he was champion of America, the Sullivan might have been an attraction, but the diamond has lost its lustre.

Sullivan is no better now in the eyes of the English public than any of the old champions. Shedy might manage to gather a crowd to see him in the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, or in Col. Keenan's Sporting Drum in Little Catherine street, but if Shedy expects he will fill Agricultural Hall with his show he will find out his mistake.

Besides, the "Sporting Life," London, the leading authority in England, recognizes Kilrain as the champion, and the English sporting press unanimously agree that Kilrain and his backer, Richard K. Fox, had more courage than Sullivan, and proved it by agreeing to cross the Atlantic and meet England's champion, what Sullivan refused to do.

Kilrain is the champion of America, and, win or lose the battle with Smith, Richard K. Fox will match him to meet Sullivan.

Kilrain's chances of defeating Smith are most rosy, for he has a better record than the English champion, and he will enter the ring having the advantage in height, weight and length of reach. Smith is said to be a scientific boxer and a tremendously hard hitter, but Kilrain is equally clever, and his numerous bouts with Charley Mitchell have been the means of teaching Kilrain scientific movements and made him a fine boxer. All Kilrain will be required to learn is the cross-buttock and a few lessons in wrestling, for the latter branch of athletics is always practiced and is part of the system that is frequently a great advantage in encounters fought by London prize ring rules.

The rock on which either the American or the English champion will be wrecked in the forthcoming fist encounter will be stamina, and the champion that can face the battery of blows longest and have the courage to bear the most punishment will win. Smith has never met a first-class boxer. Alf Greenfield was the best trial horse ever put in front of him, and the ring-goers are well aware that he could only be rated when in this country a second-class man. Geo. Freyer came within an ace of conquering him at Philadelphia, and Jack Burke did so at Chicago, and yet when Smith fought him at Chantilly, France, for the championship of England, he did not conquer, although many claim he would have done so.

Even if Smith had defeated Greenfield it would not have been much for the English champion to boast about, for Greenfield was past his prime and growing stale.

If Kilrain had at that time (and he was not the champion he is now) had to gallop the same journey Greenfield did, he would have won in a walk. Kilrain's battle with Joe Lannon, at Boston, was a better performance than Smith's battle with Greenfield. It was a contest in which all the prize ring talent supposed Lannon would win, but Kilrain's generalship, his cour-

age and tremendous hitting won the battle, much to the disappointment of the knowing ones, who backed Lannon.

A short time since I was traveling from a Monmouth race meeting, when a quartette of card players with whom I am fairly well acquainted borrowed an overcoat from a gentleman in the car, and, having carefully adjusted it on their knees, a card table was formed, and soon the players were busily engaged in playing nap.

Several hands had been played, when, for the benefit of the onlookers, one of the quartette disclosed his cards, which consisted of an ace, a king, a queen, a jack, and a four of hearts, and offered to lay any amount in pounds that he won. Fifties were freely laid against his going Nap by his fellow-players, which were duly booked (not staked), and before leading off the company were invited to make their bets. Just then a well-known bookmaker, celebrated for his aggressiveness, short odds, and usually wide-awake character, offered to take the hand and back himself to Nap for a century, unaware that one of the quartette had five small trumps.

The first Bookie played his ace and scored; next his king, with the same result; queen and jack followed and then, with a see-what-sort-of-a-fellow-I-am air the penceiller played the four.

A yell that nearly split the car roof was evoked from that penceiller as one of the party quietly covered the four with a six of hearts. The hundred was handed over without a regret, but nothing could heal the wound on the loser's self-love as he dolefully exclaimed to a fellow-bookmaker, "To think they should have had me." The moral of this story is: Whatever game you may pursue, Think others know as much as you.

The twelfth annual amateur athletic championship meeting, to be held on September 17 at the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds promises to be a brilliant one. An English team of representative athletes is coming over, and the new English members of the Manhattan Athletic Club, together with the college athletes, Baker, Wells and Brooks, and W. Byrd Page, Lange and Jordan, will make the competitions interesting. Three medals will be given for each event.

I learn that J. J. Collier, the ex-champion English swimmer, turned out in the professional handicap, but he was beaten by a foot only in his heat by McCall of Stalybridge, whom he was conceding 17 seconds start in 6 lengths. The Stalybridge representative afterward had cause to remember this heat, as the grueling he received in endeavoring to beat the ex-mile champion was the means of giving him a couple of fits after he came out of the bath.

By the way, Peter Conley is anxious to make a match with any of the oarsmen in New England, and also will row Rags or Lee for \$500 a side.

New York is to have another race course. The articles of incorporation of the Manhattan Jockey Club were filed in the office of the County Clerk. The directors named are Leonard W. Jerome, Lawrence Kip, Louis L. Lorillard, Frank Work, Eugene M. Jerome and John Hunter. The capital stock is \$100,000. The object of the club is to breed and improve the breed of horses.

In regard to the recent battle between Ike Weir and Johnny Havell at Providence I think that if Weir had not broken both his hands he would have won, for both his hands were injured and swollen so that when he had Havell fought to a standstill he could not strike a blow hard enough to end the battle. Havell is said to be a game and determined boxer, but he lacks science and ring tactics, and any first class feather-weight who is a good general in the ring would defeat him.

Weir must be possessed of great courage and stamina, for, after he broke both his left and right hands on Havell's head, and defeat, through this cause, was staring him in the face, he managed to prolong the battle until his antagonist was all but defeated and the referee declared the contest a draw.

Such a pigmy gladiator as Weir should be placed on record as one of the shining heroes of the ring. What other pugilist in this country would, having broken his hands and finding all chances of winning in the arena gone, have continued fighting, as Weir did? We have no record of anyone breaking the bones of his hands and making the battle a draw.

Pendragon says: "A champion is a demigod for whom nothing can be too good. The first reverse wipes out all memory of what the champion did while in possession, and he is worse than the dirt of the city, which is very dirty, indeed. There seems to be no medium between carrying the victor shoulder high and giving the vanquished the frog's march."

It is my opinion the international rowing regatta at Oswego Falls, near Fulton, N. Y., in August, will be a grand affair. The distance will be three miles, and National Association rules will govern. The first prize will be the "Police Gazette" championship medal, valued at \$300, offered by Richard K. Fox, and a cash prize of \$500 to the winner, and \$500 will be awarded to second man and \$150 to third. The race will be under the management of Charles T. Brockway of this city. The following oarsmen have so far entered: George Bueber, J. Teemer, Chas. E. Courtney, Albert Hamm, Wallace Ross, Geo. H. Hosmer and P. H. Conley.

Jimmy Mitchell, the light-weight pugilist, has given up the ring and gone to work in Baldwin's Locomotive Works. It cannot be possible that he has left the prize ring.

A one-legged bicyclist is attracting attention in the western part of the State. He travels with his crutch strapped upon the backbone of his wheel.

Eugene Carter has issued a sweeping challenge to any billiard player in America to play him a match at cushion carroms for \$1,000, depositing a forfeit of \$250. It is a capital chance for some of the many champion billiard players to increase their bank account by accepting Carter's def.

Billy Dacey states that he defeated Jack Hopper without receiving a black eye; that the only injury he received was from his right hand being swelled by the heavy blows he delivered on Hopper's head. He states that Hopper was in condition and it is all both when it is claimed he was not. He also says that his backers think he can whip any light-weight in America, and that he is ready at all times to try.

Major B. G. Thomas, proprietor of the famous Dixiana Stock Yards, is lying dangerously ill at his home, near Lexington, Ky., and grave fears are entertained. The major is one of the best known characters on the American turf; his maroon jacket with a silver T being a familiar coat to all turf goers, both East and West. During his long career on the turf the major has owned many famous flyers, and among them Himyar.

Edward Hanlan, flushed with his great victory over Jake Gaudaur, now states that he will row John Teemer for \$1,000 to \$5,000, but any future race for the championship must be rowed on Toronto Bay.

It is now a technical question as to whether any but a native citizen of the United States can hold the title of single scull championship oarsman of the United States. The last two who have held the title are Canadians. Is it possible with Lee, Teemer, Courtney and the other professionals, we are not able to row and defend the title?

Representatives of Jack Burke of Chicago and Paddy Ryan met at San Francisco on July 25, to arrange preliminaries for a glove contest to take place there. No conclusion was reached, however. Burke wants the affair to come off with the least possible delay, while Ryan's representative wants the date fixed a month hence, so as to give Ryan a chance to get in as good condition as Burke is.

Burke is anxious to hurry matters for two reasons. He believes he can whip Ryan if the latter is not given too much time to train in, and, secondly, he wants to leave for Australia on the August steamer. If he whips Ryan it will be a strong card for him on his Australian tour. Only one thing was settled, and that was that the contest should take place in the Pavilion, as a large crowd is expected.

## AN HISTORIC BATTLE.

The Great Fistic Encounter Between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers, at Farnborough, England.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

Soon did he collect himself, and as Tom came again lodged a little one on the nose, but was once more countered very heavily on the right cheek, the cut being increased and the bump improved. Slight exchanges followed, in which Tom received on the right eye and Heenan on the right cheek, whereupon Heenan went to his corner for a wipe. He seemed in no hurry to come away and Tom stood in the middle of the ring till the Boy went slowly to him and tried his left, but it was no go. He tried again but only just reached Tom's brow. Tom now feinted and got home on the right peeper, Heenan missing an upper cut. Tom danced away, came again on another tack and bang went his left of the sore spot, a heavy spank, and he was instantly out of danger laughing. Heenan rushed after him, but was well stopped, thrice in succession. Again and again Tom went to him and balked his efforts to effect a lodgment and then Heenan napped another slashing crack on the right cheek, which had the effect of at once closing his dexter goggle. He retreated for a wipe and was followed by Tom and some mutual cautious dodging and feinting took place. As last Heenan got off on the top of Tom's snuff, but not heavily, and Tom then avoided another attempt. Once more did Heenan retire to Jack McDonald for consolation and advice; Tom walking round and eyeing him in an inquisitive manner, as it admiring his handiwork. Tom, after satisfying his curiosity, went close and slight exchanges followed without mischief. Heenan tried his left and was stopped. Both very cautious and neither disposed to go within gunshot. Heenan now led off and got slightly on the mouth with his left, Tom retreating on the closed peeper. Mutual taps and stops and then Tom got his left heavily on the old spot, another cracker, whereupon Jack once more retired into the privacy of his own corner amidst cries of 2 to 1 on Sayers. Tom, after a few turns and a touch of the sponge, went to him, but Heenan shook his nob and seemed disinclined for work. Tom finding he could not draw him retreated, whereupon the Boy came out and let go his left viciously, which was beautifully stopped. He then feinted and got well on the bridge of Tom's snuff as he was retreating and again knocked him off his pins. Tom rolled over, laughing, and was carried to his corner. This round lasted 15 minutes and was a fine specimen of stratagem and skill, especially on the part of Sayers. His right arm now was much swollen and so painful that he could make little use of it.

Sayers slowest to the call of time, but directly he was at the scratch the Boy retired to his corner, whither Sayers had to follow him. Heenan at once let go his left but Sayers laughed and jumped back. A slight exchange followed and Sayers napped a bright one on the snuff. Heenan now missed a couple of well-meant shots and Sayers jumped away from a third and as he turned his back upon Heenan got a right-hander on the back of the neck. Heenan followed him up, but Sayers grinned and jumped nimbly away. His activity on his pins was as remarkable as ever. Heenan pursued him and at last lodged his left slightly on the nose and once more turned on the tap. Sayers, however, countered him on the damaged cheek, which caused the Boy to retire for the kind offices of Jack McDonald. On Sayers going to him he let go his left on the knaser, drawing the carmine, and this led to pretty exchanges at long shots on the cheek. Heenan at this time appeared weak and the hopes of the Sayers party were greatly in the ascendant. Heenan preferred his corner to the scratch and Sayers had some difficulty in persuading him to leave. This heat last accomplished and some beautiful stops were made on both sides. Another breakaway ensued, after which they countered effectively, but Sayers was heavier on the right cheek, which was now swelled as big as two. Heenan's blow alighted on Sayers' oration trap and drew more of the ruby. On his trying to repeat this lodgment Sayers stopped him cleverly. Capital exchanges followed, in which Sayers was again at home on the cheek very heavily. Heenan rushed at him, but Sayers was away and after once or twice being balked Heenan retired again to his corner. After Sayers had scrutinized him carefully he rubbed his hands and went to him, whereupon Heenan let fly his left, but Sayers got well away, laughing. Heenan shook his head and also laughed good humoredly. Sayers now crept in and pop went his left on the plague spot and off went the champion laughing. More dodging and stopping on both sides, until Sayers was once more on the cheek a slogger. Heenan retaliated sharply on the bridge of the snout and was stopped in a second attempt and Sayers napped him very heavily on the right cheek and got away. Heenan tried to take the lead but Sayers jumped back. The Boy, persevering, got well on the forehead, but was unsuccessful in a second essay. The first was sufficient to leave a bump on the gallant Tom. More sparring, until a severe counter exchange took place, in which Sayers got a hot one on the whistler, which shook his ivorys and turned on a fresh tap. It was a staggerer, but Sayers recovered and went to his man, when more severe counters were exchanged, Heenan getting another run one on the cheek and dropping his left with effect on Sayers' snuff. Both now indulged in a wipe and washed their mouths out. They came again now like gladiators refreshed and each in turn tried a lead but each was well stopped. Sayers' right arm from the continual stopping such a cannonade as Heenan's was now much discolored and swollen and utterly useless for all purposes of hitting, and he was thus deprived of his principal weapon. After a good deal of this another heavy exchange followed, in which Sayers was at home on the old spot and Heenan on the jaw heavily, knocking Sayers once more off his pins. This round lasted 20 minutes and was a splendid specimen of milling on both sides. Sayers' nose and mouth were bleeding but both his eyes were well open. His arm was his chief drawback. Heenan's right eye had been long closed, his cheek was fearfully swollen and his mouth was also somewhat out of the perpendicular.

Heenan came up as if he intended to force the fighting. He led off viciously, but Tom got well away. The Boy followed him closely, and at last got on Tom's gob, drawing more of the juice. He followed suit on the snuff-trap with a like result, and counter-hits ensued, in which each did mischief. Heenan continued to bore in, and at last Tom, after getting a little one on the back, dropped laughing.

Tom was very slow to the call of time, and appeared to want nursing. It was evidently heavy work struggling against such superior metal. He stood in the middle of the ring until Heenan went to him when slight counter-hits were exchanged; after which they closed. Heenan lifted Tom from the ground and threw him heavily with the greatest ease.

Tom again was very much behindhand in coming to time, and the friends of Heenan did not appear to be in much hurry. When they did come up Tom had to go into Heenan's corner. After a dodge or two, Tom got his right on the good eye rather heavily but it was not such a right-hander as of yore, and evidently gave him pain. Heenan returned on the chest and Tom fell.

"Time, time," neither too ready. On Sayers at last facing his man Heenan caught him, but not very heavily, on the jaw, and dropped on the saving suit.

Heenan, first to leave his second's knee, now went to Tom and, after a dodge or two, popped the left very straight on poor Tom's conk, once more knocking him clean off his legs. He turned round on returning to his corner, and looking to Mr. Falkland, his umpire, exclaimed "That's one for you, Fred." Offers were now made to lay 5 to 4 on Heenan, but the takers seemed scarce.

Tom, very weak, came up cautiously and slowly, his back being large enough for two. Heenan, seeing Tom's state, tried to force the fighting, but Tom got cleverly out of difficulty. Heenan followed him up and popped a rattler on the throat without a return. He paused and then sent in a little one on the snout, but Tom countered him well and straight on the nose, drawing the crimson in profusion. Heenan, nothing daunted, let go his left and was stopped. He then swung round his right heavily on the jaw. They got to close quarters and some heavy fighting took place, in which Tom was very busy. At length both were down heavily. Heenan under.

Neither seemed in a hurry to leave his second's knee, but Tom was slowest in answering the call. Heenan at once went to him, got the left well on the proboscis and his right on the jaw, and down again fell the champion in a heap.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX,

"Police Gazette" Publishing House,  
Franklin Square, New York.

R. L. D., Omaha.—Yes.  
D. W., Pottsville, Pa. No.  
P. G., Nichol, Idaho.—There are more than we can estimate on.

J. W., Pemberton, A. T.—No; it was Jack Dempsey of California.

J. W., Boston.—Wm. Beach, the oarsman, was never in this country.

P. J. D., Holyoke, Mass.—Send for the "American Athlete" to this office.

B. C., New York City.—Yes, twice; once in New York and once in Boston.

E. M., N. Y.—Send a deposit to this office and we will publish your challenge.

J. W., Harrisburg.—I. You must not build out of your hand.

2. B was correct.

M. D., Hartford.—Dan Donnelly, the Irish champion pugilist, died Feb. 18, 1880.

IDEWILD, Mobile.—Straights. 2. A sequence. 3. Send \$1; we will send you a book.

H. L. M., Wickford.—The performance was for gate money and made him a professional.

J. H., Rochester, N. Y.—Harry Hicken, the boxer, is living at 2,922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia.

E. V., New York City.—The bet is "off," as Dwyers did not run their horses, unless it was play or pay.

W. R., Rochester, N. Y.—John Morrissey and Bill Poole fought on Amos street dock, New York, July 27, 1854. Poole won.

B. S., Baltimore, Md.—Sullivan was squarely knocked down by Charley Mitchell when they boxed at Madison Square Garden.

W. C., Columbus, Ohio.—It was on Aug. 8, 1874, that Gen. Whittaker shot Richard Ten Broeck, the turfman, at Louisville, Ky.

M. W., Boston.—Tom Lees, the champion pugilist of Australia, is 6 feet in height, 29 years of age and weighs 154 pounds, trained.

S. J., Ballston, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan has only engaged in one regular ring fight. He was never beaten in a glove fight or prize fight.

D. G., Annapolis.—In 1873 John C. Heenan went to Wyoming Territory, with James Cusick, his trainer. He died on Oct. 25, 1873, at Green River Station, W. T.

M. H., Yonkers, N. Y.—Billy Mulligan, the New York sporting man, was killed by a policeman at San Francisco, Cal., on July 8, 1865, after he had killed two men.

A. W., Columbus, Ohio.—1. Jake Gaudaur beat Edward Hanlan at Pullman Ill., in a 3-mile race with a turn, for the single scull championship of America, on May 30, 1887. 2. Yes.

JETHRO, Grand Rapids.—No. 2. Albert Davis killed 99 out of 100 birds at Decatur, Ill., in a match with J. Miller. He actually killed 99 out of the 100, but the 46th bird fell out of bounds.

J. W., Marshall, Mich.—Bob Brettell and Tom Sayers fought at catch-weights, the former at 140 pounds and the latter at 152 pounds. The night before the battle Sayers weighed 150 pounds.

Pan, Rome, N. Y.—E. P. Weston defeated Wm. Perkins, the champion walker of England, at London, on Feb. 15 and 16, 1876. 2. The match was a 24-hour heel and toe, for a £250 cup. Weston covered 100 miles.

J. C., Bangor, Me.—Tom Sayers had his arm disabled in stopping a blow early in the fight. 2. His (Sayers') occupation, previous to entering the P. R., was that of a bricklayer. 3. Sayers' father was a shoemaker.

S. H., Seymour, Ind.—1. Kilrain. 2. Jim Smith was born Jan. 24, 1863, so consequently he is only twenty-four. When he fought Davis his weight was 12 stone 4 pounds, or 172 pounds, and he is only 5 feet 8 inches in height.

J. B., Portsmouth, N. H.—Nat Langham had several unrecorded "turns up" before his first chronicle appearance in the Prize Ring with Ellis on February 2, 1863, when he defeated in eight rounds, for a fiver, near his birthplace, Hlmeley, Leicestershire.

S. W., Boston.—1. No. 2. Bogardus. 3. Dr. W. F. Carver undertook to break one thousand glass balls in sixty minutes, at Lancaster, Pa., July 11, 1887. He is alleged to have broken the requisite number, out of 1,018 shot at, in 46m. 30 s. He used four guns, and was assisted in loading by J. Brown and J. H. Cline, the latter of whom managed the exhibition. On the 10th, at Trenton, N. J., Carver broke his previous record of breaking 1,000 glass balls in 45½ minutes. He accomplished the feat in 41½ minutes. He missed only 24 out of 1,006. He will receive \$1,000 from the Spencer Arms Company. He used a repeating rifle. Two men loaded besides himself.

W. S., Pittsburg, Penn.—Robert Watson Boyd, the ex-champion oarsman of England, died on July 2, 1887. Boyd was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Sept. 20, 1854, and rowed his first match for the championship on Nov. 15, 1875, when he was defeated by Sadler, he having in the previous year, with Lumsden as a partner, defeated Thomas and Green in a double scull race on the Thames for £200 a side. He, however, won the championship twice in 1877, beating Nicholson, of Stockton, in March, and Higgins, of Shadwell, in May. Thrice in the next two years he rowed without success in championship races, his conquerors being Higgins in 1877 and Higgins and Elliott in 1878. There was a belief in many quarters, notwithstanding the decisive beating Boyd received from Hanlan, for the championship, and subsequently from Laycock in 1882, that he would make another bid for public favor with the sculls.

W. S., Cincinnati.—No. 2. At Boston. 3. Hanlan. 4. Tommy Kelly, of St. John, N. B., and Billy Parkinson, of Pottsville, Pa., fought three times as opponents. The first fight was decided at Douglasville, Pa., March 19, 1887. Kelly won by an alleged foul in 1 round, lasting 2 minutes, and was awarded the stakes, \$500. On August 24, 1887, Parkinson beat Kelly for \$500, at Pottsville, Pa., in 17 rounds, fought in 27 minutes. On Oct. 29, 1887, they fought for \$1,200, \$600 a side, at Acquia Creek, Virginia. Kelly was seconded by Billy McLean, the retired pugilist and famous baseball umpire, and Tom Allen, while Dublin, of Baltimore, and Billy Edwards seconded Parkinson. Wm. E. Harding, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was referee. Parkinson outfought Kelly from the start. In the fourteenth round Kelly was beaten, when his seconds claimed a foul and broke in the ring. The fight, which had lasted 39 minutes, was decided in favor of Parkinson.

J. C., Adrian.—Black Cloud, the trotter, record 2:17½, is owned by M. V. Wagner, of Marshall, Mich. Black Cloud was got by Ashland Chief, 751, sire of Ashland Kate, 2:29¾, Blue Cloud, 2:27¾, etc.; he by Mambrino Chief, 11, sire of Lady Thorne, 2:18¾, and nine others in the 2:30 list; dam Old Lady, grand dam of Majolica, 2:15, by Captain Walker, sire of the dam of Harry Wilkes, 2:13¾, and Gen. Garfield, 2:21; second dam by Parrish's Pilot, pacer; third dam by Old Brown Pilot, son of Copperbottom.

In 1882 Black Cloud was the most successful campaigner that made an appearance. At Chicago on the 19th of July he met and defeated Wm. H., 1:18¾; Scott's Thomas, 2:21; Unahala, 2:22¾; Pilot R., 2:21¾; and Fannie Robinson, 2:20¾. Black Cloud won the first heat in 2:20. The second heat was won by Wm. H., who made his mark of 2:18¾, and Black Cloud took the next two heats in 2:19¾ and 2:21¾. Thesame week on July 22, only three days after the above race, he won the great stallion race, beating Monroe Chief, 2:18¾, and Scott's Thomas, 2:21, in straight heats in 2:19, 2:18¾ and 2:17¾. In August of the same year at Buffalo, for a purse of \$1,500, he beat the great trotter Jerome Eddy, who won the first heat in 2:16¾, the next two were dead heats in 2:18¾ and 2:19, and then the superior staying qualities of Black Cloud enabled him to go on and win the next three heats and race in 2:30, 2:18¾ and 2:19¾. At Hartford, the same year, he beat Von Armin and Fred Douglass easily in 2:18, 2:19 and 2:18.





UNGRATEFUL FREDERICK.

MR. DORNE OF CHICAGO IS TAKEN IN HAND BY A FASCINATING WIDOW WHOM HE SUBSEQUENTLY CHLOROFORMS AND ROBS.



COLD CAT.

THE STRANGE DIET WHICH CHARLES RIDER OF NEW YORK WAS ORDERED TO EAT BY THE SPIRITS IN ORDER TO BE HAPPY.



FUN FOR THE FIRE LADDIES.

A SWEEPING CONFLAGRATION OBLIGINGLY CLEANS OUT THE HORRIBLE CHINESE QUARTER IN LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.



TAKING IT EASY.

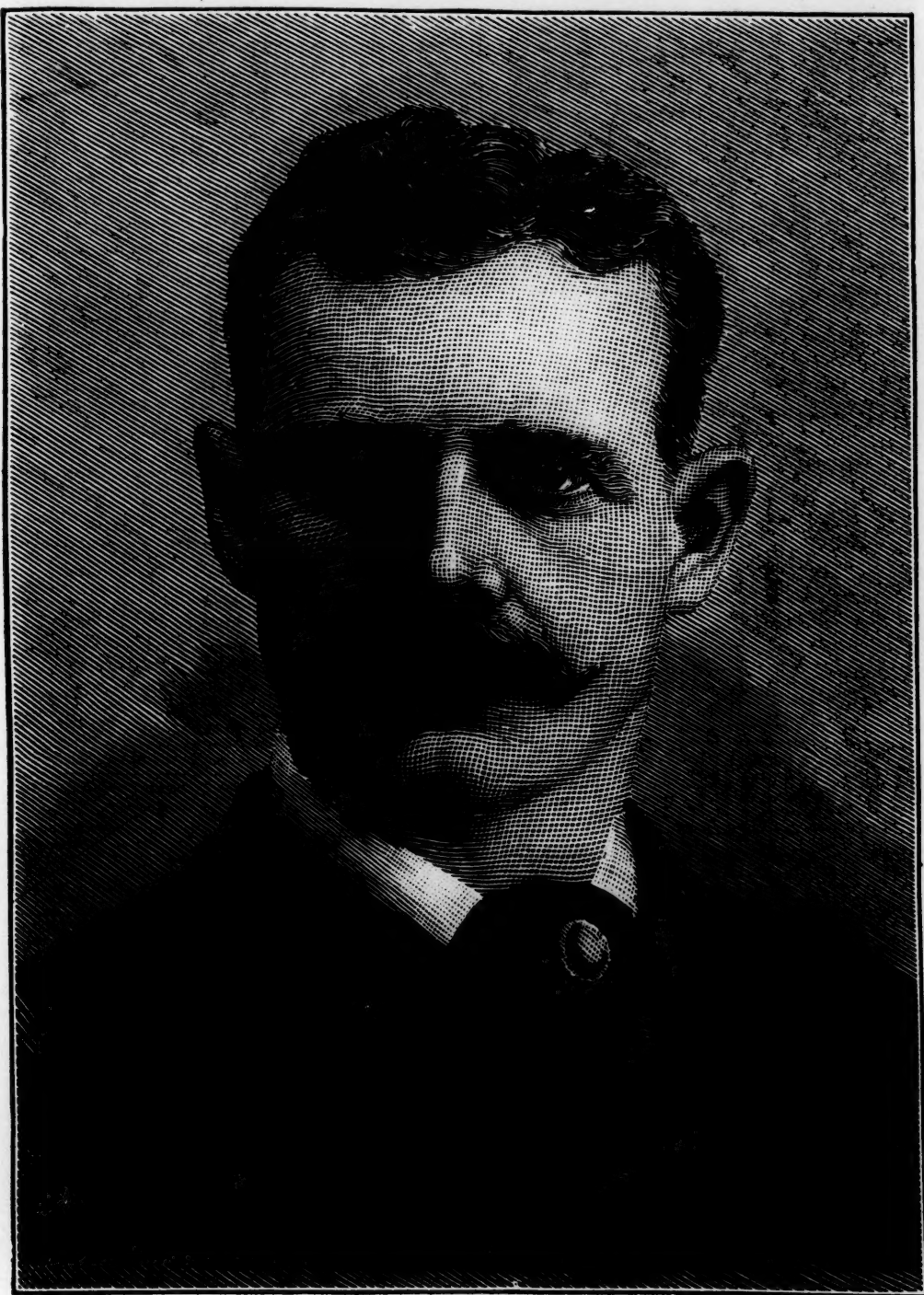
A CONEY ISLAND TRAIN RUNS OFF THE TRACK AND THE PASSENGERS SPEND THE NIGHT ON THE NEIGHBORING FENCES.



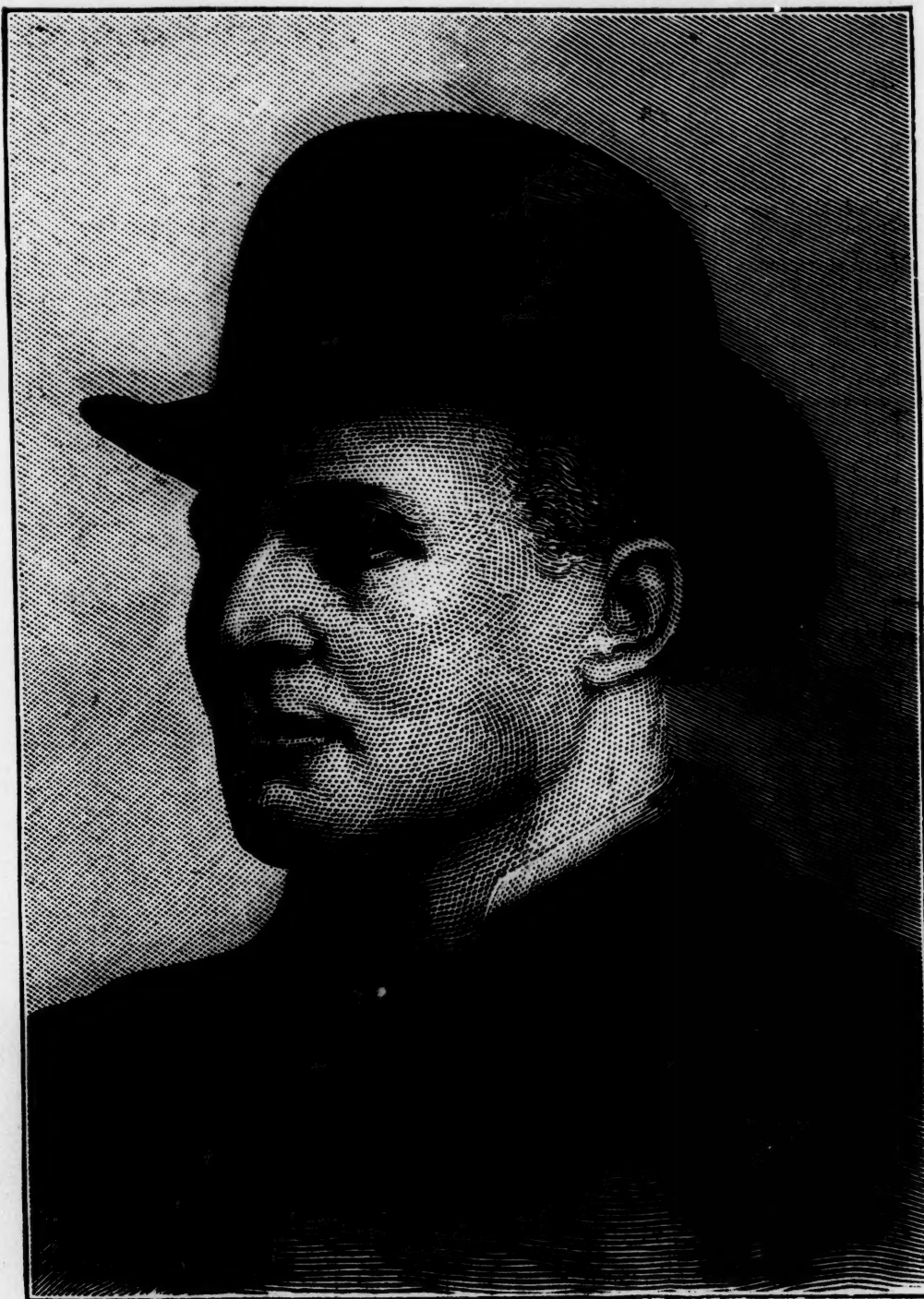
A SENSATIONAL SUICIDE.

MISS REBECCA HUNTER, A NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, "SWELL," TAKES A SELF DESTRUCTIVE HEADER INTO THE OCEAN.





EDWARD HANLAN,  
EX-CHAMPION OARSMAN OF THE WORLD.



JEM SMITH,  
CHAMPION OF ENGLAND WHO IS TO FIGHT JAKE KILRAIN.



TOM HENRY,  
ENGLISH PUGILIST NOW RESIDING IN AMERICA.



CLAYTON H. GARDNER,  
FAST RUNNER OF CORTLANDT COUNTY, N. Y.



A DISTINGUISHED GROUP.  
PONY MOORE'S GARDEN PARTY TO TONY PASTOR AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON.













QUANDT, HE STOOD THE WINE.

HOW A WELL-KNOWN CONEY ISLAND SALOON-KEEPER WAS FOOLED BY THE MOCK MARRIAGE OF BLACK-EYED ANNIE FLORENCE, HIS STAR SERIO-COMIC SINGER.